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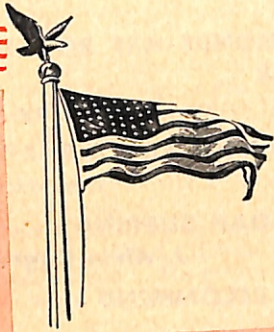
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A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



INSEPARABLE--THE FLAG AND OUR COUNTRY

TO THE Exalted Rulers and officers who are retiring and now take their place in the councils of the Order, may I express my hearty appreciation for the contributions you have made to strengthen the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

No one can realize more than I the long hours you have spent in your ritualistic work and conducting regular and special meetings. Our Order is typically American and with your obligations go the responsibilities of observing Mother's Day, Flag Day and Elks Memorial Day. To honor Mother reflects credit upon every subordinate lodge.

In a few instances Flag Day has not been celebrated, although observance is a statutory requirement. Flag Day is celebrated on June 14 so that the Order as a whole may honor the birth of our Flag. One of the early-day tributes to the Flag made by A. P. Putman gave our national banner its place in history. His words were true when first written; they are equally true today: "Wherever that Flag has gone it has been a herald of a better day—it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it. All who sigh for the triumph of righteousness and truth salute and love it."

Our Flag is a symbol of liberty, and its beauty has been enhanced by the sacrifices which have been made in the air, on land and sea. It is our challenge to those who would enslave the people.

To the newly elected officers, let the traditions

of our Order be your guide for a new and better day. Follow in the footsteps of our leaders—the men who, down through the ages, have directed us toward the things that mean a better life. We have stood four square, having in mind aid to crippled and undernourished children, and other community endeavors. If we continue to build on the principle of charity, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will justify its existence, and the more than nine hundred thousand members of the Order will prosper with it.

In the past nine months I have visited almost every State in the Union and have been amply rewarded for my efforts. It has been a labor of love. I have seen Elkdom at its best. Before my term as Grand Exalted Ruler closes I will have traveled more than a hundred thousand miles, and my only regret is that the limited time—one year—does not offer the opportunity to visit every lodge in our domain. Greetings from one who loves his work.

Fraternally yours,

C. E. Broughton

CHARLES E. BROUGHTON
GRAND EXALTED RULER.



O. HENRY

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THE

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Postmasters are asked to send Form 3578 notices complete with the key number which is imprinted at upper left-hand corner of mailing address, to The Elks Magazine, 50 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Members are asked, in changing address, to send this information (1) Name; (2) Lodge number; (3) Membership number; (4) New address; (5) Old address. Please allow 30 days for a change of address to be effected. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 25, No. 12, May, 1947. Published monthly at McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1940, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. Copyright, 1947, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

LORRAINE FOX designed our cover this month in a style which has become increasingly popular in the art world. We call it an imitation of the early American primitive style, even though it depicts an up-to-date scene.

On page 1 we give you a message from the Grand Exalted Ruler in which he expresses his appreciation of the achievements of the Exalted Rulers and District Deputies who have been elected and appointed during the year.

Once again we are publishing the Elk Newsletter and the Elk Panel of Public Opinion on pages 4 and 5. Your editors are deeply interested in the way this Panel of Public Opinion is received by our readers, and we will appreciate any expression to that effect.

We have Stanley Frank back, in an article entitled "Diamonds Are Rough All Over". He gives you dope which—while it was news to us—may not be news to you. It appears that ball parks lack the uniformity which would make for a better game.

One of our writers, Roderick Lull, whose work we admire, has come up with another good story. Mr. Lull, whose work has appeared frequently between these covers, brings us a humorous story (usually he is pretty serious). It is a double pleasure to find that he can make us laugh.

A gentleman with the curious name of J. Alvin Kugelmass devotes his attention to soap and its substitutes. Mr. Kugelmass has made searching experiments with cleansing agents (he is consequently very clean—you can hardly find a speck of dust on him). From his remarks we would say soap is on its way out.

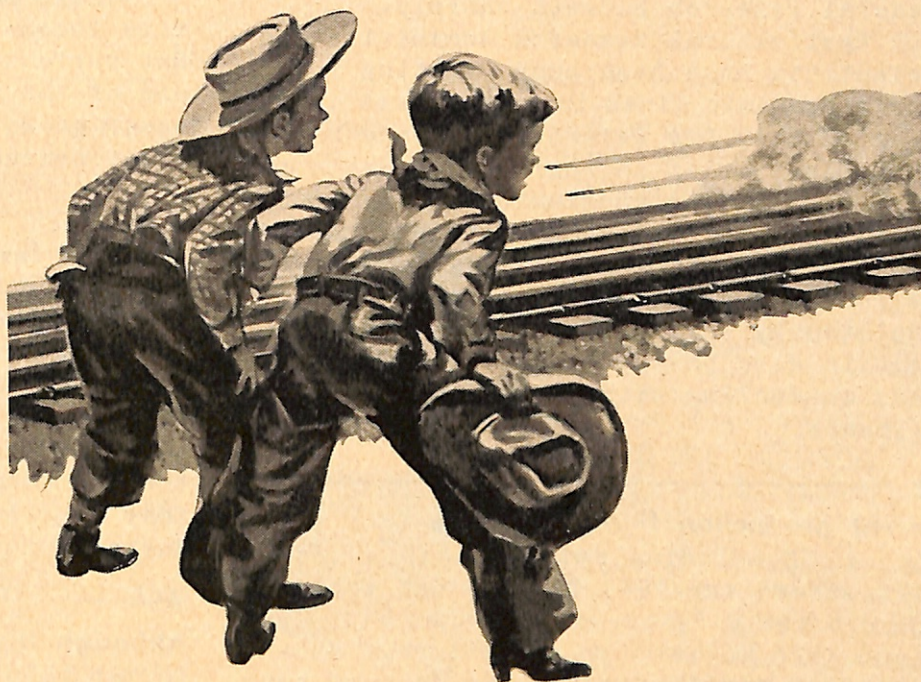
Once upon a time our Editorial Department got the idea that a certain breed of men was automatically destined for success. We commissioned Mr. Harry Botsford to investigate this subject and he came up with an article entitled "Men In Motion", which appears on page 16. His findings indicate that successful men are those who recognize and make use of an original good idea.

On our Stage and Screen pages this month we had hoped to give you good news of Broadway and its offerings, but Broadway let us down. There are only three new items on the New York stage which we can conscientiously recommend.

Our travel man recommends unlimited vacations on page 19. He has strong feelings about the Grand Canyon. We also let you hear from our "Rod and Gun" man, our book lady, our "Man's World" gent, the "Doghouse", and our "Gadget and Gimmick" look-and-see-er. What more can you ask?

Pages 43 to 64 of this issue contain a complete account of many recent fraternal activities of the Order. C.P.

"Whe-e-e-ew the New Super Chief!"



Just wait, cowboys, till you ride it!

The new Super Chief, all new from head-end to tail sign, will embody up-to-the-minute rail travel features, providing the utmost comfort in smooth-riding speed.

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ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

While corporation research budgets are conservatively estimated at more than double their prewar figure, Congress is cutting Federal research budgets sharply.

Agricultural Research Administration scientists have been busy fighting for their economic lives in recent weeks. The program they are defending already has such discoveries as rutin and tomatin to its credit. The amazing effectiveness of the former in sealing man's leaky capillaries was discovered in the course of research into commercial uses for tobacco. Isolated by Agriculture's researchers, tomatin also has demonstrated effectiveness in dealing with certain of man's ailments.

★

Recent production figures indicate that the output of building materials this year will exceed the 1946 figure, but whether the present widespread shortages will continue is a matter for conjecture. Geographical and transportation factors have been partly to blame. Even if these are alleviated, housing officials say, the supply-demand situation is too closely matched for comfort.

Some of the difficulties builders encountered last year seem certain to reappear this summer, for a sizable inventory cushion still must be developed.

Before building materials can be deemed in easy supply, production must exceed demand by at least one to two months' production and unless economic factors curtail demand that day is still distant.

★

In any event, some prices seem headed for adjustment. In a deathbed statement, issued before the expiration of their agency, Civilian Production Administration officials agreed with other Government analysts that above-average prices were headed for declines.

A Bureau of Labor Statistics analysis of 675 commodities shows that 418, or three-fifths of the total, rose 5 to 50 per cent between June and December, 1946. The price of 147 showed little change. Only 23 items actually declined by 5 per

cent or more. A few were industrial products, but apples, potatoes, oranges, corn and oats also were on the list.

Thus, part of the farmer's high wartime income is beginning to disappear. But serious impairment of farm incomes--and of the farmer's capacity to buy consumer goods--is not threatened while wheat prices remain high.

★

The next few months are expected to bring rapid adjustments in another field. Commerce Department officials now see business on the verge of intense competition. Pointing out that there are now more retailers in business than before the war, they predict a sharpening struggle for the consumer's dollar. As an antidote, they urge businessmen to seek ways of reducing costs and lowering prices.

★

Although it can prove of no help to the farmer this year, announcement of the discovery of a new potash deposit running from Canada southward into North Dakota came just when the shortage was hurting Spring fertilizer prospects and demand was running 66 per cent above supply.

★

This month will see Britain engaged in still another effort to bolster her exports. The British Industries Fair in Birmingham and London has been carefully planned to garner the American dollar.

In the last quarter of 1946 Britain fared well as far as American dollars were concerned. The United Kingdom received 41 per cent of all United States disbursements to other countries during the period. Eight countries shared 80 per cent of all our disbursements, although we conducted cash transactions with 150.

★

Meanwhile, government officials are considering arrangements for faster business communications with Germany following the statement by the Secretaries of the Treasury, State and War Departments that

(Continued on page 39)

Elk

PANEL

OF PUBLIC OPINION

Our Poll reveals a strong interest in the subject of the succession to the office of President.

ON THE subject of this month's Elk Panel of Public Opinion we asked the current Exalted Rulers and District Deputies who form the panel membership the three questions which are featured on this page. We believe we have dealt with questions of vital concern to the public and, in fact, the present Congress.

QUESTION 1: WHO DO YOU THINK SHOULD SUCCEED TO THE PRESIDENCY SHOULD THE PRESIDENT DIE OR RESIGN, LEAVING NO VICE-PRESIDENT IN OFFICE?

| | |
|--|-----|
| Secretary of State | 20% |
| Speaker of the House | 6% |
| Presiding officer of the Senate | 4% |
| Chief Justice of the Supreme Court | 1% |
| | 31% |

The above percentages represent the ratio of votes cast for a particular office to the total number of Panel members who answered the survey. It will be noted that only 31% who replied indicated an opinion on this question, and of these, 66% believe that the Secretary of State should succeed to the Presidency.

QUESTION 2: SHOULD CONGRESS BE AUTHORIZED TO FILL THE VACANCY, OR SHOULD THERE BE AN ORDER OF SUCCESSION OF FEDERAL OFFICE-HOLDERS?

| | |
|---|-----|
| Congress should be authorized | 51% |
| Order of succession | 45% |

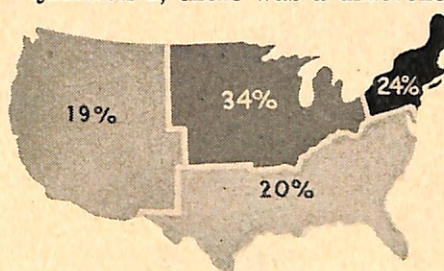
All but 4% of the members of the Panel who replied to the survey expressed an opinion on this question. By the narrow margin of 6%, panel members believe that Congress should be authorized to fill the vacancy.

QUESTION 3: IF YOU BELIEVE THAT THERE SHOULD BE AN ORDER OF SUCCESSION OF FEDERAL OFFICEHOLDERS, STATE ORDER OF SUCCESSION YOU WOULD SUGGEST. (NAME THREE.)

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Secretary of State | 31% |
| Presiding officer of Senate | 8% |
| Speaker of the House | 9% |
| | 48% |

Forty-eight per cent* of the panel members replying to the survey expressed an opinion on the order of succession. Of these, 64% of the replies favor the Secretary of State as the man to top the list of Federal officeholders. These are expressions of the first choice. Other officers designated besides the three listed were Secretaries of the Treasury, War, Navy and Interior and the presiding officer of the Senate.

The replies have been subdivided into four geographical divisions indicated by the small map on this page. For Questions 1 and 3, the replies by geographical areas followed the national percentages closely. However, for Question 2, there was a difference of opinion indicated



in the replies from the 16 Southern States. The replies from the South show that 39% of the Panel members indicate that Congress should fill the vacancy, while 56% advocate an order of succession to the Presidency.

Some of the Panel members volunteered opinions on the matter of the succession to the Presidency. Here are a few of the comments:

"I believe Congress should appoint the President (where there is no Vice-president)."

"Open balloting by all Senators. The three highest Senators (most ballots) should be voted on in the House. Senator receiving most votes should succeed."

"I propose a new succession: President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President. All should be elected on the same ticket."

"The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court should immediately take charge of executive branch of the government and call a special election."

"The person receiving the greatest number of votes cast by governors of the states should succeed. This would give the common people a closer touch."

"Speaker of the House. I would much prefer to see an elected representative of the people succeed to the Presidency."

"I thoroughly agree with President Truman's plan for succession to the Presidency."

"A national election should be held—the Secretary of State to carry on until then."

"Elect a new President to fill out term."

"Do not believe that legislative branch should be forced to accept an administrative officer of the opposite party when it would be more harmonious to appoint a member from the party in power."

"Should elect a Vice-President. Would reflect same party in power as in Congress and bring harmony. Policies then would be correlated."

"Always has been my opinion that the Constitution should provide for a special election."

"I feel that the President should appoint a Vice-President to be confirmed by the Cabinet."

"A succession of officeholders would not be the choice of the people."



Diamonds are rough all over!

The cockeyed architecture of ball parks creates a situation unparalleled in any other major sport.



BY STANLEY FRANK

ON THE afternoon of October 2, 1936, two related incidents abruptly convinced 50,000 people there is no justice in a harsh world. In the second game of the World Series that year, Hank Leiber of the Giants tore into a ball with magnificent power and authority and belted a tremendous drive to center field. Joe DiMaggio turned tail and ran until it seemed he would make a new exit to the Polo Grounds, then wheeled and caught the ball 490 feet from the plate. Leiber's noble blow, which would have cleared almost any other fence in the major leagues with yards to spare, was nothing more than a long, loud out—the final play, in fact, of the game. It is vaguely remembered today as the longest fly ball ever caught.

An hour earlier, in the same game, Tony Lazzeri was partially fooled by a pitch but managed to get enough wood on the ball to send a looping line drive to left field. It was wafted by a favoring wind 320 feet into the stands. Lazzeri joined Elmer Smith of Cleveland in the record books as the second man in history to hit a World Series home run with the bases full.

One man hits a ball about as far as it is possible for it to be propelled without the aid of cannon power and gets nothing but exercise and frustration. Another guy gets lucky and achieves one of the rarest feats in the business.

Such things happen every day during the season, leading to the brooding suspicion that the great American game of baseball is a fine swindle rather than a fine science. Citizens have been ordered to Washington to explain less subversive thoughts, but the conclusion is inescapable after a once-over-lightly of the fourteen major-league ball parks in use today.

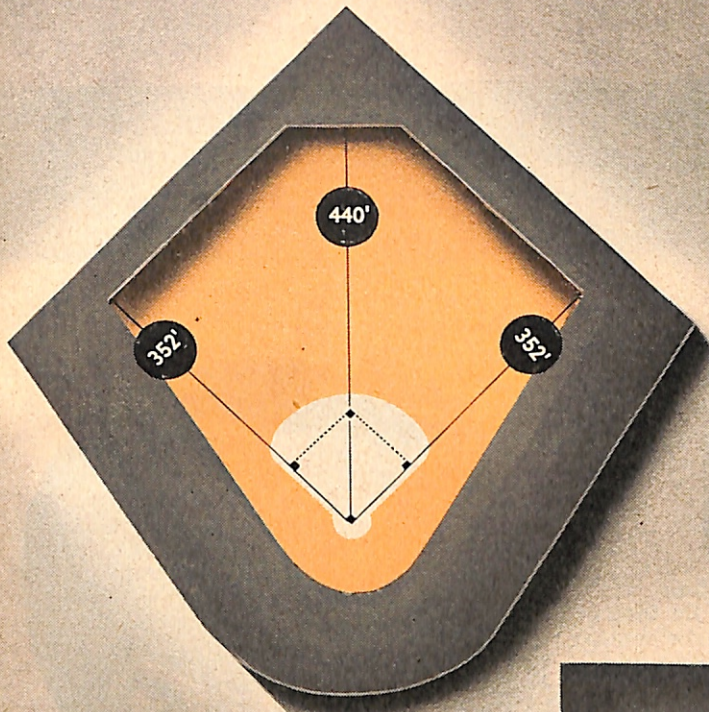
The utter absence of uniformity or standardization in baseball playing fields poses a situation that has no parallel in any other sport. Worse yet, the cockeyed architecture of the ball parks creates glaring discrepancies that give some teams decided advantages and impose serious handicaps on others. Granted that the parks are of varying sizes and shapes because they had to conform to available sites, the whole thing still doesn't make sense.

The two New York parks, the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds, have the shortest left and right field fences in either major league but the longest center-field barriers. Home-run territory at the Yankee Stadium begins 296 feet from the plate in right field and 301 feet in left, but it is 470 feet to the cheap seats in center. The Polo Grounds is even more unbalanced. The right-field foul line extends only 257 feet and the corresponding distance in left field is 279 feet, but it requires an almost impossible belt of 505 feet in dead center to get a home run—as Leiber found out.

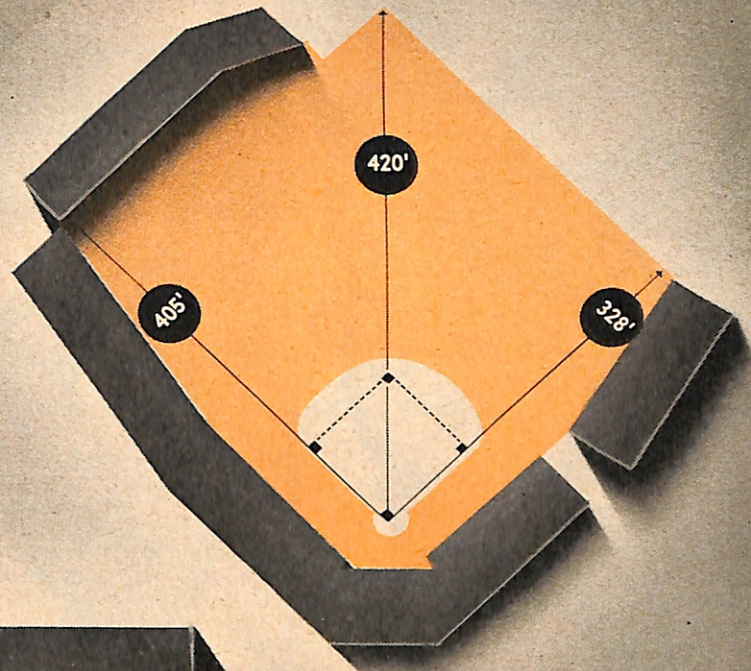
There are only two symmetrical fields in the big leagues—Comiskey Park in Chicago and Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, which wasn't built for baseball at all. For that matter, the Yankee Stadium is the only new plant erected primarily for baseball in the last thirty years, a period that has seen a profound change in the character of the game. When critics belabor the moguls for outmoded methods, they are not hooting up a hollow.

Any number of paradoxical situations can be mentioned to underscore the crazy inequalities that confront the ball players. In the National League, a mashie shot of 387 feet, which a reasonably alert ribbon clerk can catch in the Polo Grounds, will soar majestically over the center field fence in Crosley Field at Cincinnati. Fifty feet to the right of that center-field fence, the shortest in the majors, is the toughest home run for a left-handed hitter. In six of the eight parks, a foul fly lifted more than 65 feet directly behind the plate will bounce harmlessly off the screen, but in Forbes Field at Pittsburgh the distance from the plate to the screen is 110 feet, or

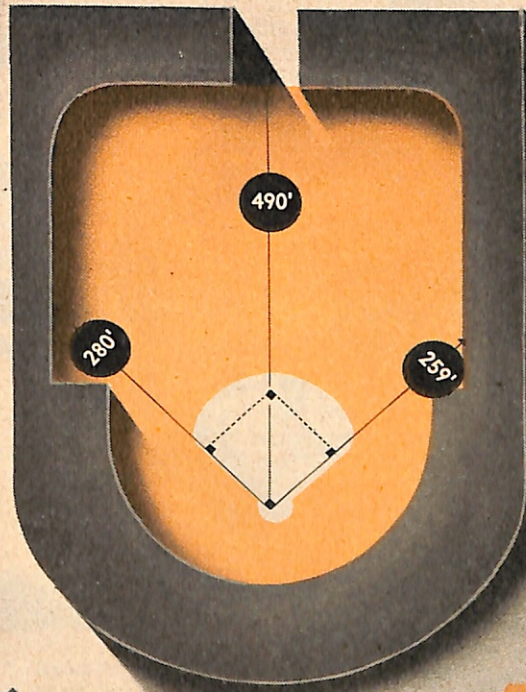
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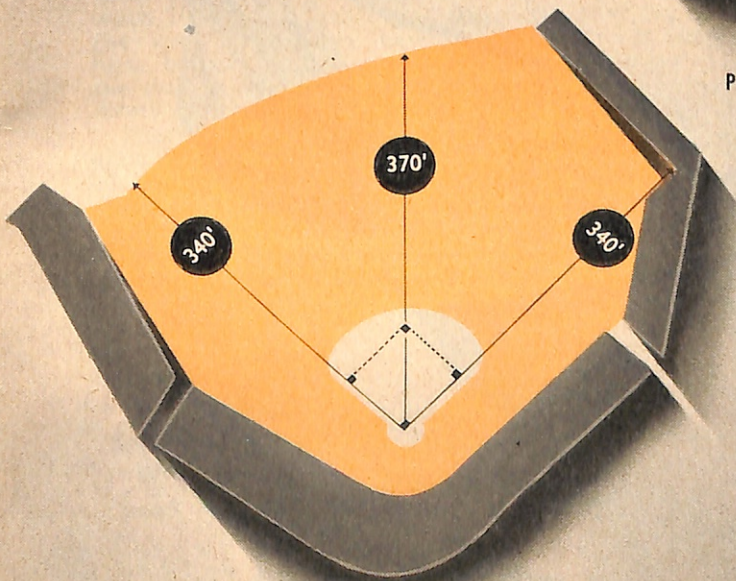
COMISKEY PARK
CHICAGO



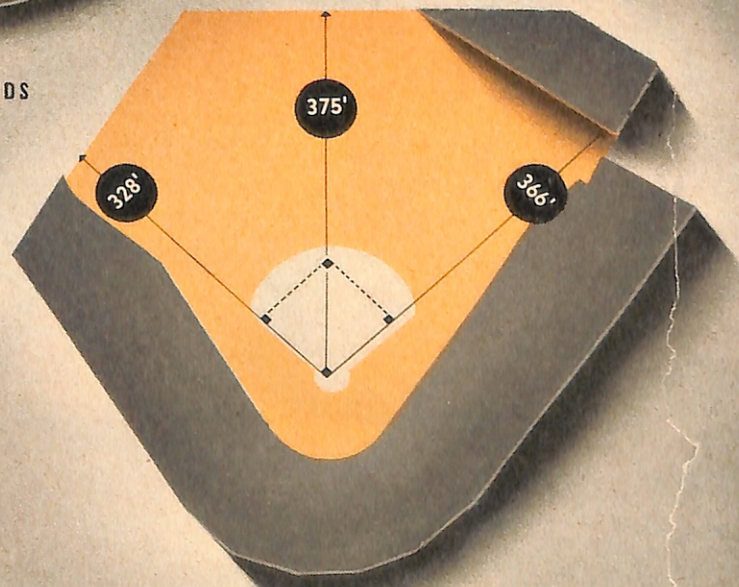
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BRAVES FIELD
BOSTON



CROSLY FIELD
CINCINNATI

MY SISTER



AND A SNAKE

BY RODERICK LULL

Ever since Eve, and with good reason, ladies have feared snakes. Joe's sister was no exception.

WHEN my mother found out about it, she said I was too big a boy to have done a thing like that. But she was smiling when she said it, and her voice was soft and easy, so you can see that it really was all right. She wasn't mad at all.

But this is not about my mother. It is about my sister and a snake—the biggest grass snake I ever saw. It is also about Mr. Virgil Rumley, who is the principal of the school—the same school where my sister used to be librarian. It is a small school, so Mr. Rumley has to teach a lot of classes in addition to being the principal.

I am fourteen and my sister is twenty-one. That is a difference of seven years but it does not seem so big as it used to.

Mr. Rumley, according to my sister, is twenty-nine years old. Once I said that he looked older than that to me, being almost bald and everything, and my sister, who is often unreasonable, jumped all over me. He didn't look older, she said, and in addition to everything else he was a very brilliant man. She said she could prove he was young by the fact that he'd been called quite early when they were drafting people for the war. Only they hadn't taken him, because there was something the matter with his insides that the Army didn't like.

There was no sense in arguing about it anyway, because she was sweet on Mr. Rumley and she'd stand up for him against anything. I figured Mr. Rumley must be sweet on her too, because he came to call three evenings a week, sometimes

four, and most of the time they would sit around and look at each other without doing much talking. They would sit in the living room if it was a cold night, or out on the porch if it was warm. Usually they would sit quite a way apart, which seemed silly to me, for people who were sweet on each other. Sometimes Mr. Rumley would sit down beside her, on the sofa or the porch swing, and my sister would look up at him and smile with her eyes all misty, like in the movies. Then he would get up, real quick, and move away, looking very nervous. And it was not like in the movies. Once or twice I saw him touch my sister's hand, then jerk his hand away like she was on fire. It was very silly, considering what people who are sweet on each other are supposed to do, the way the movies show you.

Sometimes I would kid my sister about it. Like once when they had come back from a ride in his old car, and Mr. Rumley had gone home, I said, "Well, Frogface, did you get Virgil to neck you yet?"

My sister yelled, "How dare you call Mr. Rumley Virgil!" and ran upstairs crying. The bad part was that my mother had heard me, and I had to spend the next fifteen minutes listening to her. Girls were shy about things like that, she said, and I said that if she thought Madge was shy—but she hushed me up. Mr. Rumley, she went on, was a fine man whom I should emulate, (that was what she said) but he was shy too, and I got the impression she thought this had its bad points.

Anyway, I really did like Mr. Rumley, because he and I were both interested in snakes. I've always liked snakes. Once I started a fine collection, but the most beautiful water snake you ever saw got out of a shoe box I hadn't tied tight enough, went downstairs and met my mother in the kitchen. She made a terrible fuss and said I wasn't to bring snakes home any more. I put up a strong argument, pointing out that snakes were a scientific subject that Mr. Rumley had studied in college, and that there was a man named Mr.

Ditmars who had spent all his life doing nothing but catch snakes and had got famous doing it. But I didn't get anywhere at all.

One reason I didn't get anywhere was that my sister backed my mother up. You might even say she took the initiative. Snakes just made her plain sick, she said, and she wouldn't live in the same house with even the littlest one. And she didn't care if Mr. Rumley liked snakes or not—everyone was entitled to their own opinion on such subjects, and it was a matter that she and Mr. Rumley just didn't discuss.

So, there went my snake collection. They wouldn't even let me keep snakes in the bathroom cupboard, the spare one that didn't have anything in it except some mops and things.

Well, this Sunday Mr. Rumley and my sister were going on a picnic. She was in the kitchen, where she'd been since practically dawn, fixing a fried-chicken lunch, and I was sitting on the front porch smelling the chicken. I was watching a little water snake and feeling sorry I couldn't have him when Mr. Rumley drove up. He was wearing a new sports shirt and white pants and brown-and-white shoes and he looked cleaner than anybody should ever look. He grinned at me and said, "How's it going, Joe?"

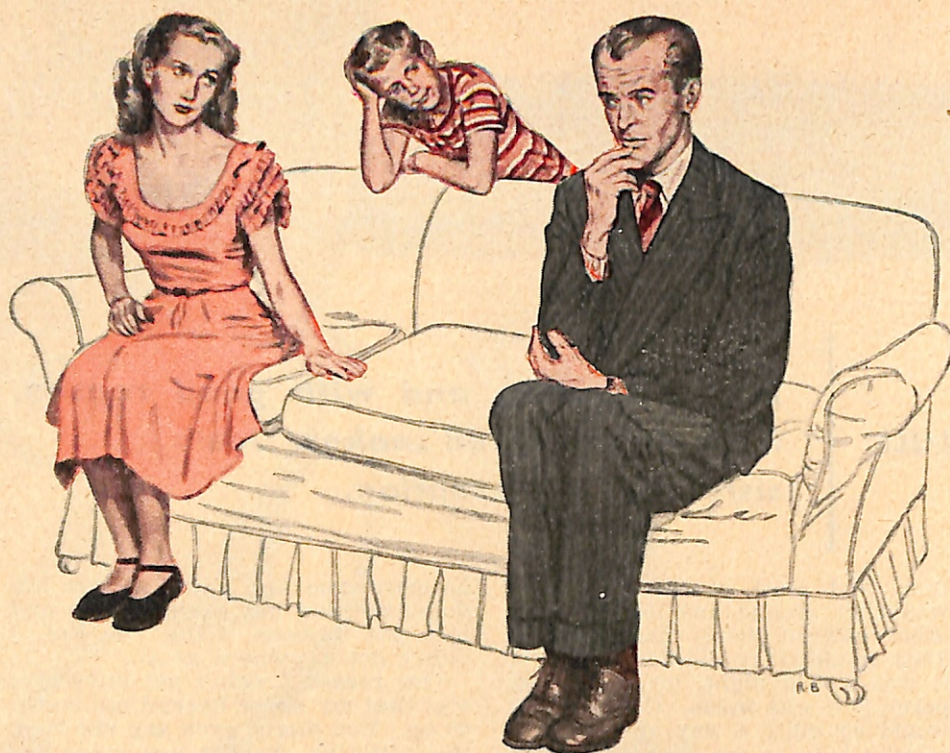
One thing about Mr. Rumley, he didn't act like a school-teacher when he was off duty, and he didn't look much like one in spite of the way his hair was backing up. He was tall and built something like a trackman. He could move pretty quick too, when it came to getting hold of somebody at school who'd let him have a spitball straight to the button.

"Not so good," I said. "It's mighty slow on a Sunday with nothing to do."

Mr. Rumley shook his head. "I know," he said sympathetically. "Maybe you'd like to come along with us today?"

That had sort of been in my mind, but I acted surprised. "Well," I said, "I'm not so sure my sister would like

You've never heard anyone scream as loud as my sister did then, or see anyone move quite as fast.



Usually they would sit quite a way apart, which seemed silly to me

it. She certainly didn't invite me. I think she just wants to go alone with you, Mr. Rumley."

He got that nervous look again. "Oh—" he said. Then he said, "I'm sure Madge doesn't feel that way. Anyway, I've invited you and I'll explain to her."

"That sure is swell, Mr. Rumley," I said. "I'll be all set in a minute."

It probably won't come as a surprise to you to know that my sister looked as if I'd hit her with a ball bat when the news was broken. And my mother moved in and said something about me being able to find plenty to do right here on the block. I just looked at Mr. Rumley and it was all right. "A little outing will do Joe good," he said. He didn't look at my sister, but began picking things up from the kitchen table and putting them down again.

"Very well, Virgil," my sister said. "I'll have everything ready in no time. I do hope you'll like the little snack I've prepared."

"I know it will be perfect," Mr. Rumley said. Then they began staring at each other across the kitchen table in that foolish, vacant way they had, and Madge's eyes got all misty, like in the movies. My mother took my arm and led me out of the kitchen. After my mother went on to the front of the house I opened the kitchen door just a crack and watched. But nothing happened at all. They just kept looking at each other, still with the table between them. It was very ridiculous.

So I went in. I said, "I guess we're about set to go, aren't we?" I had to say it again, louder, before they seemed to notice me. Mr. Rumley

jumped and my sister gave me one of her I-got-murder-in-my-mind looks. "Why, I guess so," Mr. Rumley said. "I guess we're ready, aren't we, Madge?"

She said she guessed we were, and off we went.

Mr. Rumley and Madge sat in front, and I sat alone in the back with the lunch and stuff. Luckily, one of Mr. Rumley's snake books was on the seat. It was a big book with fine illustrations, called "Snakes of the World", and it was by this famous Mr. Ditmars I've mentioned before. I looked at the pictures of the King Cobra and the Copperhead and the Bushmaster and the Fer-de-Lance and a lot of others. It would be wonderful fun, as well as very scientific, to go looking for dangerous snakes like that, in a helmet and short khaki pants. That was the kind of career that could really interest a man. I wondered why Mr. Rumley wasn't down in Panama or some such place chasing snakes instead of teaching school and going on picnics with a girl who was actually afraid of snakes.

My sister turned her head to look at me and I sort of shifted the book so she could see the picture of the King Cobra. She gave a little yell, and put her hands over her eyes, and sort of fell against Mr. Rumley. Then she said, in a voice they must have heard back in town, "Joe, if you ever show me another picture like that I'll scream. I'll positively scream!"

"Well," I said, "you did scream. I thought for a minute it was a police siren. You screamed fine."

"Joe," she said, "you're telling an

untruth. I didn't scream at all. Did I, Virgil?" She was still leaning against him.

"Of course you didn't, Madge," he said and my opinion of him slipped a notch. Then he looked back at me and said severely, "Joe, it isn't at all funny to frighten your sister like that. She's sensitive, and snakes are distasteful to her. We'll keep them out of sight and out of mind from now on."

"Okay, Mr. Rumley," I said. "And maybe you'd better look back at the road now, because that truck's really whooping along and we're pretty well over on the wrong side."

We missed the truck, but it was a nice close call for a minute. My sister didn't say a word until we were past. Then she said, "That was a wonderful piece of driving, Virgil," as if he'd been responsible for the driver of the truck turning nearly into the ditch to avoid us. It was enough to make anybody sick—her practically fainting at a little old picture, and then acting like Mr. Rumley was a hero when he'd nearly killed us all. I knew what my sister would have said to my father if he'd done a thing like that. The whole thing was beyond me.

I read the snake book for a while and wondered if this Mr. Ditmars would give me a job when I was a little older. When I looked up again I noticed that my sister was sitting mighty close to Mr. Rumley. He'd shifted as far to the left as he could go without getting out of the car, and the right seat was nearly empty. "There's sure plenty of room for three in that front seat, Mr. Rumley," I said. "I like a good wide front seat like that."

My sister jumped away from him like I'd shown her the King Cobra picture again. She sure was jittery today.

We reached the entrance to Devil's Canyon in a little over an hour. It has a forest growing up almost to the edge of the rim, and there are two or three little streams that are hidden by the trees. Below the rim there is nothing but rock, and it is a wonderful place for snakes.

Mr. Rumley took the road that leads to the rim. "You know, Mr. Rumley," I said, "it's early yet, and before we go up there it might be a good idea to stop and see if we can find—"

"He's going to say 'snakes' again!" my sister yelled.

"It was you who said 'snakes,'" I said. "Not me. Also, you screamed."

"You were going to say 'snakes'. And I didn't scream."

"You can't prove what I was going to say," I pointed out. "And anyway, you said 'snakes' for sure. And you did too scream."

"Hell!" Mr. Rumley said. Then he said, "Sorry, Madge. Let's just forget snakes, shall we? We certainly aren't going to stop to look for— for anything, Joe. We're going up to the rim whether you like it or not."

"Oh, I like it all right, Mr. Rumley."

(Continued on page 40)

IS



SLIPPING?

BY J. ALVIN KUGELMASS

A synthetic product performs the functions of soap—and does it as well, or better.

A "SOAPLESS" soap, formerly used mainly in industry, is finding a home in the kitchen and bathroom. Not only can it do what soap can do, if you can find a cake, but it can do it better, furthermore, it can do things soap never thought of doing.

Completely unknown in this country in 1925, synthetic detergents made from petroleum products zoomed to 125,000,000 pounds in 1945 as the fat shortage promised to be of long duration. While the synthetic detergents are made of fats just as soap is made, the point is that more detergents can be made from less fat than soap.

According to Wilder Breckenridge, head of the American Fat Salvage Committee, the soap shortage will remain acute for perhaps two more years. Soap is a big item in United States living. Home and factories consume a mountainous mass of some four billion pounds yearly. For every three pounds of meat each American normally eats, he uses one pound of soap.

The Association of Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., says that only one billion and a quarter pounds of soap were manufactured last year. That means that the United States, which makes and uses about one-third of the world's entire output, faces a latherless future and one that may be consequent with epidemics and a debased personal hygiene, according to the Department of Public Health.

The two chief reasons for the lack of soap lie at the base of soap essentials—tallow, made from cattle, and coconut oil. Tallow makes up about 60 per cent of a bar of soap, with coconut oil the remainder. Lesser reasons are the shortages of other oils such as palm and palm kernel, whale, sardine, menhaden, peanut, soybean, copra and cottonseed. Most of these have been imported from the South Seas, but the war reduced much of the area to a shambles and, furthermore, producers are having trouble with native labor.

Synthetic detergents, which means not only more soap but a better cleansing agent than the housewife ever had, were developed more than 100 years ago with Turkey red oil, then used for dyeing cloth. The only way out of a soapless future, says the Department of Commerce, is for synthetic detergent manufacturers to step up production. That means, once the housewife gets to know the synthetic or "soapless" soap, soap as we know it may go on the skids for good.

Here is what soap does in actual operation: it disperses solids, liquids and gases very thoroughly in water so that a rinsing washes them away. Water by itself clings to the surface, while soap spreads out and wets the surface. Soap, in effect, monitors reluctant dirt on a fabric and gets it to stop clinging. Water

by itself does not penetrate dirt but fastens to it in tiny droplets. Soap gets into the matter, soaks into the dirt and weakens it.

To the chemist, soap is a salt which exists in solution as ions. Soap molecules break up into positive ions, called cations, and into negative charges, called anions. Between the two, much and quite satisfactory work is done. But soap has its limitations. For example, it doesn't take well to hard water, and is almost completely ineffective in cold water.

Synthetic detergents, on the other hand, perform the same functions as soap, are more economical to make, and execute the functions better and on matter that soap can't touch. This has already been proven in the cosmetic and toothpaste industry where soap is at odds with many of the acidic materials used.

During the last war, Germany, deprived of fat imports, turned to synthetics with tremendous success. These were later introduced to this country under commercial brand names and marketed successfully in the leather, textile, ink and polishing products industries. Only sporadically, until now, had they been offered to the housewife at the grocer's.

Here is what synthetic detergents do in actual operation: Both the material to be rid of dirt and the dirt itself are wetted. A kind of film of water intrudes between the material and the dirt, and instantaneously separates them. Detergency is effective in hard water, in cold water and in combatting acid solutions. The synthetics don't discriminate, but attack everything that will give.

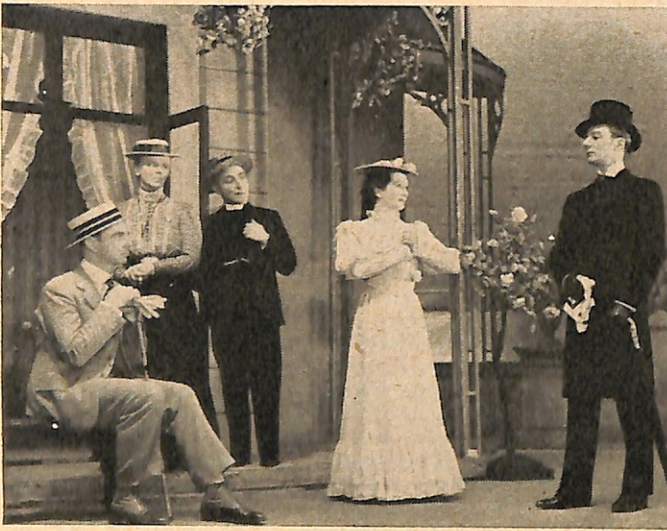
To the housewife, this is invaluable. A bath using the "soapless" soap leaves no hard, gritty ring around the tub. That grey look on washed clothes is impossible. Glassware shines, is rid of the greasy film that soap itself is guilty of leaving. Hair and skin reflect a more glowing and cleaner appearance. Fingernail dirt, crusted and hard, is removed merely by dipping the fingers.

A sanitary revolution is taking place in households where synthetic detergents have been used. Walls and woodwork, upholstery and dishes, windows and rugs assume a nicety of studied cleanliness they never knew before. An experiment with ordinary soap, as against synthetic detergent, left one wall almost three shades darker than the one on which the synthetic was used.

Fruit peeling, either commercial or in the home, under the beneficence of synthetic becomes as easy as skinning a banana. Synthetic detergent is added to a hot caustic, an apple or pear is dipped, washed in cold water, and the skin sheds off.

(Continued on page 27)

WE RECOMMEND



THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

ON STAGE:

Every decade or so there emerges onto the national or even the international scene a man who seems to possess the power of enchanting ladies. They swoon. This quality, while not always perceptible to men, is instantly evident to the fair ones, and they promptly make spectacles of themselves. In the last generation men have looked with puzzled eyes at Rudolph Valentino, Clark Gable and Frank Sinatra. Now, from England, comes *James Mason*, and already can be discerned an imminent mass emotion, similar to that which urges lemmings to throw themselves into the sea. A distinct indication of this phenomenon was observed in New York City when, at one time, seven different motion pictures featured the participation of *James Mason*, even though sometimes he was playing only a bit part. At the current writing Mr. Mason is making a Broadway appearance, with beard, in **BATHSHEBA**. His wife, *Pamela Kellino*, has the title role. Shown with him are *Thomas Chalmers* and *Hildy Parks*. "Bathsheba" is the story of King David, and his fall from honor in an affair with a soldier's wife. The play is a comedy-drama which offers Mr. Mason small chance to loose the full force of King David's character without smashing the work apart. However, it's got Mr. Mason in it.



BATHSHEBA

BRIGADOON



Here, from **THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST** starring *John Gielgud*, at extreme right, is the notable cast. Gielgud, another British import, is making his first appearance on Broadway since he played "Hamlet" before the war. The most heated Anglophobe will not deny that this is from every standpoint the most brilliant production of the famous Wilde comedy this country has seen. "Earnest" is generally regarded as the best of Oscar Wilde's works, and while it is always welcomed by Broadway audiences, it has never before received the acclaim accorded to this production. Wilde is probably the greatest comedy writer known to the English-speaking stage—if one excepts Shaw and William Congreve, which this writer finds it difficult to do.

Circled are dancers in New York's latest smash-hit musical comedy **BRIGADOON**, which is distinguished by such singing and dancing as Broadway has not seen in many a year. "Brigadoon" is a very odd Scottish village which miraculously vanished two hundred years ago and is destined to reappear one day every hundred years. Some of its music may also last a century and certainly its songs and rigadoons are brightening up this generation.



THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS

CARNEGIE HALL



BLAZE OF MOON



THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR



WELCOME STRANGER

ON SCREEN:

Humphrey Bogart, in the unusual role of a portrait painter, contemplates the murder of his subject. **THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS**, a Warner Brothers picture, offers Bogart a chance to play something other than a tough mugg, and presents his co-star, Barbara Stanwyck, with a similar opportunity: she is a frightened wife, convinced that her husband intends to kill her. "The Two Mrs. Carrolls", a shaky film, is shored up by an excellent cast including Alexis Smith, Isobel Elsom and Nigel Bruce.

Rex Harrison and Gene Tierney are caught in a tense scene from **THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR**. In this film of fantasy, 20th Century-Fox has offered its stars an opportunity to put over one of the most original and ingenious pictures Hollywood has offered since "The Ghost Goes West" and "Here Comes Mr. Jordan". Mrs. Muir (née Tierney) is a lovely widow who leases a haunted house. The ghost, more familiarly known as Mr. Harrison, materializes as a handsome, if dead, sea captain, and the story is on, complete with Cupid, cads and comedy.

Circled are the Metropolitan Opera Company's basso, *Ezio Pinza*, and United Artists' *William Prince* as they

appear in the film, **CARNEGIE HALL**, which glorifies the greatest and most distinguished hall of music in the country. Countless famous singers and musicians and other stars spangle a film which is otherwise a conventional Hollywood story of the rising and shining of a new star.

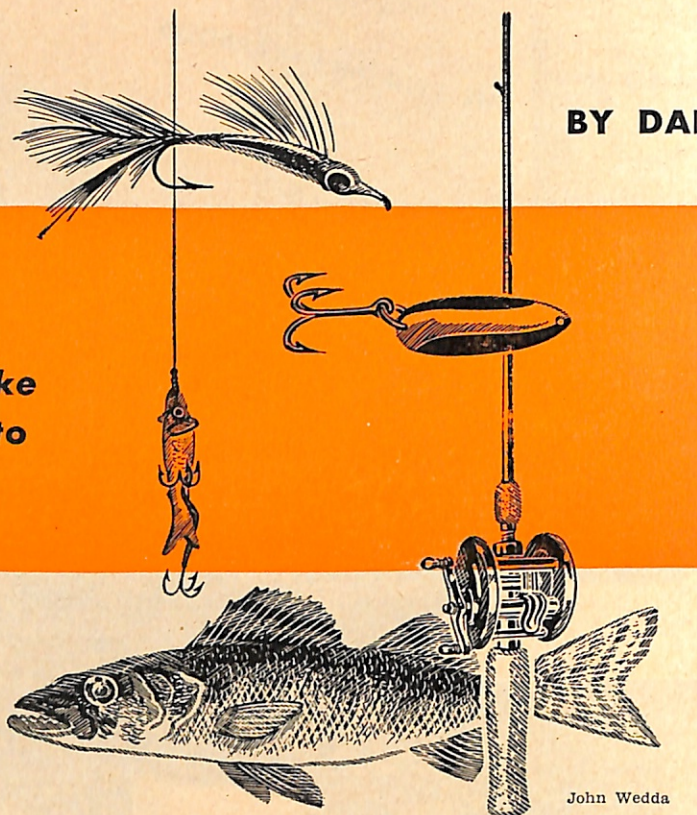
William Holden and Anne Baxter meld a hymn in Paramount's **BLAZE OF NOON**, which is a film story of the four flying McDonald brothers, William Holden, Sonny Tufts, Sterling Hayden and Johnny Sands, who eventually graduate from the early barnstorming, seat-of-the-pants type of flying to modern aeronautical skill. It will not surprise you to know that a love story raises its ugly head.

In **WELCOME STRANGER**, Paramount Pictures again, and with signal success, applies its magic formula, Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald. As usual, Mr. Fitzgerald is a crotchety old gentleman (this time a doctor) with a heart of gold, and Mr. Crosby is a brash young man (also a medic) with a penchant for bursting into song at the drop of a tuning fork. The love interest is centered on a Gentle Little Schoolteacher in the person of Joan Caulfield.

ROD and GUN

BY DAN HOLLAND

**Who is to say the pike
is a piker compared to
the muskie?**



John Wedda

MINNESOTA has about as many fishermen as some states have fish. Many of the two million tourists who annually visit there are fishermen at heart. Maybe not all these visitors catch as many fish as they had expected to, but they probably didn't really think they would. Fishermen are like that. In any event, they go away satisfied, and, as proof, keep coming back year after year for more of the same treatment.

Offhand, it seems miraculous that this area can provide recreation for so many thousand fishermen. The answer is that Minnesota has more lakes than any other state—more than ten thousand of them—plus hundreds of miles of streams and fishable rivers. In addition to the thousands of lakes within her boundaries, this state shares famous Lake-of-the-Woods with Ontario, and borders on Lake Superior, the largest and probably the most productive body of fresh water in the world.

Ever since the Sioux and the Chippewas swapped lies over the best fishing holes, the land of the sky-blue waters has been a favorite with American fishermen. Minnesota has as great a variety of freshwater game fish as any state. It affords everything from bent-pin fishing to virtual deep-sea angling.

Neighboring Wisconsin is little different from Minnesota in this respect. It boasts a similar abundance and variety of game fish. In fact, there are people in Wisconsin who will claim they have even better fishing than can be found in Minnesota. This is an old argument, and the only way I know to settle it is to let two fishermen, one from each state, discuss it calmly at twenty paces.

The most sought fish of the North Woods area is the mighty muskellunge. This fish is found over a wide range in these two states, but is not plentiful in any one spot. The mus-

kie is a solitary character, principally because it takes about a bushel of lesser fish a day to keep a big one happy. Each large muskellunge stakes out his feeding ground and none other dares enter that area without danger of taking a trip down the master's inside passage.

This fish has such a voracious appetite that if a newly-spawned batch of several thousand were placed in a limited body of water there eventually would be only three or four big ones left. The others would have gone the way of all fish. Young muskellunge are cute little fellows, especially commendable for their brotherly love. They play little games like Down the Gullet, Swallow the Leader, Sock Her, and Mary-Go-Down. The one with the biggest smile and the prettiest teeth gets ahead in the world. Consequently, even in the best waters the big fellows are rather few and far between.

In Minnesota, the Lake-of-the-Woods and adjoining waters are world famous for their muskellunge fishing. There may be none better, but in the north-central part of the state there is muskie water which some claim is equally good. This is the area around and between Park Rapids and Grand Rapids, in such lakes as Leech, Cass, Deer, Mantrap, Boulder, Bad Axe and Little and Big Sand.

Muskies are found in all Wisconsin's northern countries. Eau Claire, Court Oreilles, Chippewa and Pokegama are reliable waters in the northwestern part of the state. Lac du Flambeau in north-central Wisconsin probably is her most famous muskellunge lake, and, farther east, in the Land o' Lakes region around Eagle River, there are other fine

lakes and flowages too numerous to mention.

The northern pike has long been classed as a poor country cousin of the muskellunge. In general appearance, habits and even size, the two species actually are very similar. Muskies, however, are comparatively rare, whereas pike are common, a situation which leads to an obvious conclusion: the muskellunge is highly regarded, while his commonplace brother is looked down upon and, in some areas, actually despised. Fishermen are realizing more and more that there really is no great difference in the game qualities of the two and are taking advantage of the more common occurrence of the northern pike.

It would be impossible to name all the good pike waters in Minnesota and Wisconsin. The pike is found in varying abundance in at least half of Minnesota's lakes and rivers, and is almost equally widespread in Wisconsin. The only rule to follow in pike fishing is to remember that this fish prefers shallow, rock-bottomed lakes. Lake Vermillion and the border lakes country of Minnesota produce unusually good pike fishing.

In Minnesota, both the muskellunge and pike seasons open on May fifteenth, while in Wisconsin the pike season opens on that date, but the muskellunge season opens on the twenty-fifth. July and August are just about ideal for both.

The brook trout is the classical fish for the Spring fisherman. The trout season opens May first in Minnesota and May fifteenth in Wisconsin. The first two or three weeks of the open season are among the best for these fish.

(Continued on page 34)

What America is Reading

BY NINA BOURNE

**Four excellent books receive
Miss Bourne's attention.**

SEE IF you like the first paragraph of *Aurora Dawn* by Herman Wouk:

"Once there was a bright and spirited young man named Andrew Reale, who came into the world in the second decade of the Twentieth Century and grew up in the third and fourth, and was thus convinced that the road to happiness lay in becoming very rich very quickly. To call this a conviction is not quite clear, because in the same way he was convinced that it was a good idea to breathe—that is, he did not expect either conviction to be challenged and could hardly have argued very successfully in their support."

If you are susceptible to this sort of writing (as I am) you're going to have a fine time reading this story of Andrew's business deals (he's an up-and-coming young advertising executive, and full of ideas) and Andrew's courtship of Honey Beaton, a model who is as good as she is beautiful. How beautiful is she? The author says: "Her inviting mouth, with its slightly protruding lower lip, was so lovely that cigarette advertisers paid remarkable sums to have their various brands photographed between or near those lips," and adds parenthetically, "She always threw the cigarette away with a grimace when the pose was completed." Then there's Andrew's flirtation (though one hates to admit that a hero in love with such a girl as Honey Beaton would dream of flirting with anyone else) with a pretty and rich young debutante. The most important part of the story is in Andrew's dealings with Father Stanfield. He's a backwoods preacher who pits his simple, but surprisingly formidable, religious faith against the ruthlessness of the most powerful and most feared titan of the advertising business (Andrew's boss, as a matter of fact).

I don't know if I've given you a clear idea of the book. It's a very modern story, told in an old-fashioned way. The tale is as gay as a polka; and yet the author is deeply serious. There's no stream-of-consciousness. Not even a trickle. The characters just go about their business of advancing the story, and all rights to think aloud on the premises are reserved to the author. It's a love story, an amusing business story. It's a genial examination of modern morality in general and business morality in particular. It's fun. And it's a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for May. (Simon and Schuster, \$2.75)

SUMMER STRANGER by Louise Field Cooper

If you spend your Julys and Augusts in a close-knit summer colony that has a strong *esprit de corps* and a "prove yourself" attitude toward newcomers, you will smile many times as you read Louise Field Cooper's novel, "Summer Stranger".

At once charming and frightening is this story of a modern Cinderella on vacation. Our heroine, Emily, comes from a "nice" family, but her branch of it somehow has slid over to the wrong side of the tracks, to a dull life permeated with the smell of indifferent cook-

(Continued on page 26)



Above: Herman Wouk, author of "Aurora Dawn", a modern story told in an old-fashioned way.





**The future will be
an unhappy and
unprosperous time for the
man who is not in motion.**

YOU REACH YOUR OBJECTIVE BY GOING FORWARD.

Illustrated by WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

TO SAY that this business started under modest auspices would be an understatement. Factually, it was an extremely primitive arrangement. It became Big Business because Allen Doron and Tom Blum, the young men who started it, never permitted the enterprise to become static.

They started business in a dark corner of a steel fabricating plant in Cleveland, Ohio. There was a crude counter made of planks, across which they sold tobacco to the steel workers. The first thing they knew, workers were asking why in the devil they couldn't also carry a small stock of work gloves, shoe strings and the like. It seemed like a reasonable request and the new items were added and moved fast, proving that the demand was a steady one.

When the workers asked the young men if they would place a few sandwiches on sale, that was another thing. As a matter of fact, they were not enthusiastic about that request. Sandwiches, they reminded themselves, were perishable. If they failed to sell, they would be a total loss. Being young and courageous, however, they decided to gamble. They sensibly eliminated as much of the gamble as possible by making good sandwiches and pricing them fairly. The workers grinned, bought, consumed and approved.

"What good is a sandwich without a cup of hot coffee?" a grimy steel worker asked one day. The young

men went right out and bought a one-burner hot plate on which they brewed their first pot of coffee. It was good coffee, and the sale of sandwiches at once boomed.

With the arrival of cold weather, the steel workers started to yell for hot soup, so the boys bought another one-burner hot plate and made a big kettle of rich soup. It was emptied in an hour. That settled it! That's how the great firm of Factory Stores started and became leading industrial feeders.

Today, it's a big firm. It sells upward of 50,000,000 cups of coffee a year, and about 4,000,000 bowls of assorted soup. They have hundreds of employees, warehouses bulging with foods, training systems for store managers. They probably know more about industrial feeding than anyone else in their field. They keep a constant check on the eating habits of workers, and make it their business to see that workers have hot, tasty food at prices so low you wonder how they do it. Stews, meat pies and hash, for example, sell for 25-cents a portion. The portions are generous—and include bread and butter! It's their job to feed upward of a quarter of a million factory workers every day of the year. The quantities of food they sell seem fantastic: 2,700,000 pies, for example—about a million pounds of meat—upward of 35,000,000 bottles of pop, in a single year. What they are embroiled in is called Big Business.

The surviving partner says that their success was due to the fact that they never stopped moving, planning, adjusting, changing. When plant workers approved a new dish, ate enormous quantities of it, they were not content—they at once started to plan new dishes. Dieticians, college graduates working in test kitchens, originate these dishes today, but there was a time when the partners did the experimenting themselves. When some particular item of food starts to fall off in popularity, another is always ready to replace it. They never permit themselves to drop into a static rut. They have always been ready for any possible emergency. When they were asked to feed the 35,000 workers in an Illinois plant, they moved in and assumed the job in their stride.

The story of successful free enterprise is a story of motion. The men who have reached the top in any field have been individuals who kept moving. They have recognized a great truth: it takes five times as much effort and power to start a car moving as it does to keep it in motion, once it is started.

You reach objectives only by moving forward.

Years ago, in a little rural Kansas town, a weekly newspaper editor wrote an editorial. It took courage to say the things he proposed to say. He had that courage. He also had a knack of making words say things people remembered. "What's Wrong

Men in Motion

BY HARRY BOTSFORD

With Kansas?" became the most famous editorial of its time. It pushed the small paper into the spotlight; it gave the editor and publisher fame and individuality.

Many weekly newspaper editors are lazy, indifferent as to the phraseology of their editorials, content with a small income. This editor was different. Perhaps he was never tempted to sit down and become static, to feast on the rewards incident to the writing of one superlatively brilliant editorial. If he was tempted, he gave tradition a swift kick in the pants and kept on moving.

His name was William Allen White, the newspaper, "The Emporia

Gazette". He never stopped moving, thinking, doing things, going forward. Eventually he made the weekly into a prosperous daily.

From the day he wrote his inspired editorial, when William Allen White wrote on a local or national issue, the world listened with respect and admiration. When he died a few years ago, all big newspapers carried the news on the front page, and most of them editorially commented on his passing. White's autobiography already has become a classic account of the childhood and growth of a national figure in journalism.

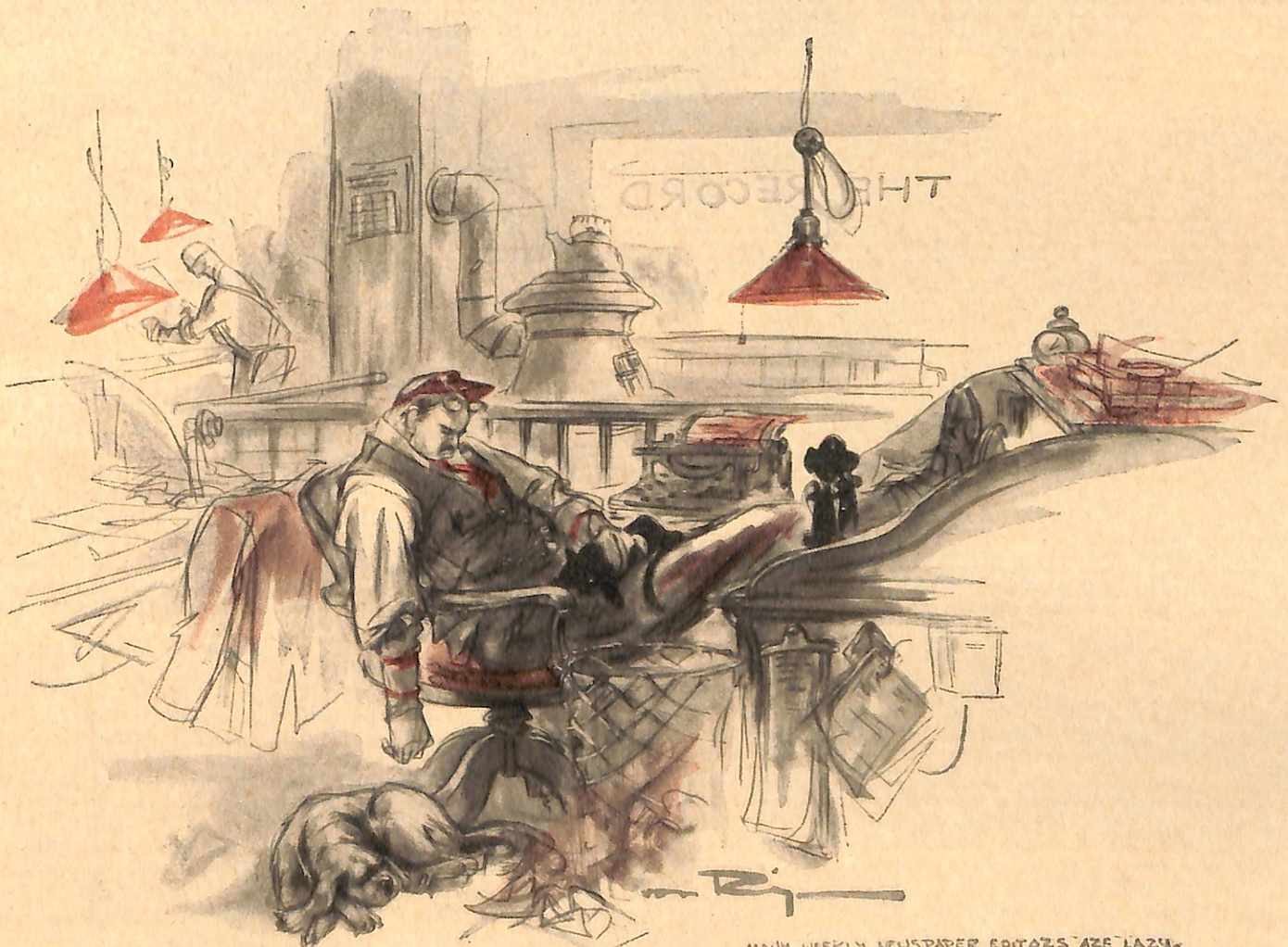
Yes, a small-city newspaper editor can go a long way, and accomplish

much, if he keeps moving forward.

Once there was a man who sold soap. In his day, he was the champ soap salesman of the world. Afraid that selling soap would lead to inertia, he resigned, left Buffalo and went to a small New York town to start a new venture.

He wanted to be a printer, the best in the world. He attracted craftsmen, men who also had ideals and ambitions. He encouraged original thought and creative effort, led the pack with his own efforts. He was a perfectionist, striving always for the best, refusing to be satisfied with less.

He built printing and binding plants, an unusual hotel, a place where leather and metals were cun-



MANLY WEEKLY NEWSPAPER EDITORS ARE LAZY.

There wasn't much he could find
aside from some partially burned
wooden pulleys.



ningly and beautifully processed. He published a magazine—and it attained instant popularity and prosperity. He had the golden touch. Everything the Roycroft shops printed or made commanded a premium because it was better and blessed with distinction.

Elbert Hubbard made of the town of East Aurora an American institution that flourished as long as he lived. He went forward because he had never learned how to go in any other direction. When other printing establishments were weeping and wailing because they lacked work, Hubbard daringly printed "The Songs of Solomon" from the Holy Bible. He did it so superbly that the volume enjoyed a terrific sale. When he had no material to print, he brought out his famous "Essay on Silence", consisting of plain, blank pages in a beautiful binding, a magnificent hoax—and it sold to the tune of hundreds of thousands of copies.

At a profit, too! The man had genius and courage.

Motion! That was the Hubbard policy, and it paid handsome dividends. When he died tragically, that sense of motion was lost. The small, busy empire he founded and kept alive started to crumble, to fall apart, piece by piece. Without motion, the red corpuscles of a live business enterprise are gone—and what Elbert Hubbard started unhappily died.

During the depression, a Pennsylvania banker called in the leading stationer of the small city. The young proprietor proudly showed the banker a statement of his business. In particular was he proud of the fact that he had shown a reasonable profit in the lean year just past.

The banker was wise and shrewd. "You are to be commended in showing a profit when things are slow," he commented quietly. "But I note that your profit is about the same as

it was a year ago. You are in a rut! Sure, you've made money, kept ahead of your competition. That's not enough. Why not stock some new lines, hustle after some new business, increase your sales volume? If you need money for this, the bank stands ready to help you—we are always willing to help a business get ahead, but we are not favorably inclined toward helping a business stand still."

The store owner took the hint. He went back to his place of business and spent a week doing some hard thinking. He returned to the banker, outlined his plans. The banker inwardly grinned at the enthusiasm shown, urged the young man to go ahead.

The young man hired a new clerk and started out to solicit school boards in the area for business: books, pencils, paper, ink, etc. To his surprise he discovered that he was able to book a decent volume

(Continued on page 30)

VACATIONS UNLIMITED

BY ED TYNG

WHAT the Yellowstone is to the Northwest, the Grand Canyon is to the Southwest.

On your way to the Portland Convention in July, you will have an excellent opportunity to see this wonderland in Arizona and you can then continue west through Southern California and northward up the Pacific Coast, or you may travel this route in reverse and see the Grand Canyon of Arizona after you've been to the Convention.

The south rim of the Canyon is the destination of those who travel by the Santa Fe and the motorist who moves by road through the southwestern section of the country. The important point is that no one should miss the Canyon, which is the world's greatest example of the power of erosion, and probably the greatest achievement of a river. The Colorado is still busy with its ditch digging.

The Canyon is 5,700 feet deep and the portion embraced in the Grand Canyon National Park is four to eighteen miles wide. All told, there are 217 miles of the Canyon, although visitors usually see only a few of those miles. Garcia Lopez de Cardenas, a lieutenant of Coronado who was brought to the Canyon by the Hopis, apparently was the first white man to see this natural wonder, along with members of his party. He spent four days unsuccessfully trying to find a way to the bottom of it. As every tourist now knows, there are three ways to descend, but Cardenas didn't discover them.

The walls of the Canyon are not straight up and down, but are a succession of steps, each ranging from 200 to 500 feet, with steep rock walls. Extending up from the sides are great eroded rocks that are called temples. They usually bear the names of religious figures: for example, Buddha, Brahma, Ra, Osiris and Vishnu. At the bottom of the Canyon winds the river which, although more than a mile below the rim, is still 2,500 feet above sea level. It is possible to go through the Canyon in a small boat, and it has been done, but the feat is not recommended as part of a visitor's itinerary.

In his recent history of the Santa Fe Railway, James Marshall describes entertainingly the career of the man who once owned a goodly share of the Grand Canyon. He was Sol Barth, born in Russia in 1842, who came to the United States at the age of 13, crossed the plains with the Mormons at 16 and stayed with them for two years at San Bernardino, California, where there was an early Mormon settlement. On his way west he saw Arizona and liked it and at 18 he was back there again, doing a lively trading business with the Indians. As the story goes, he managed to trade the Indians out of

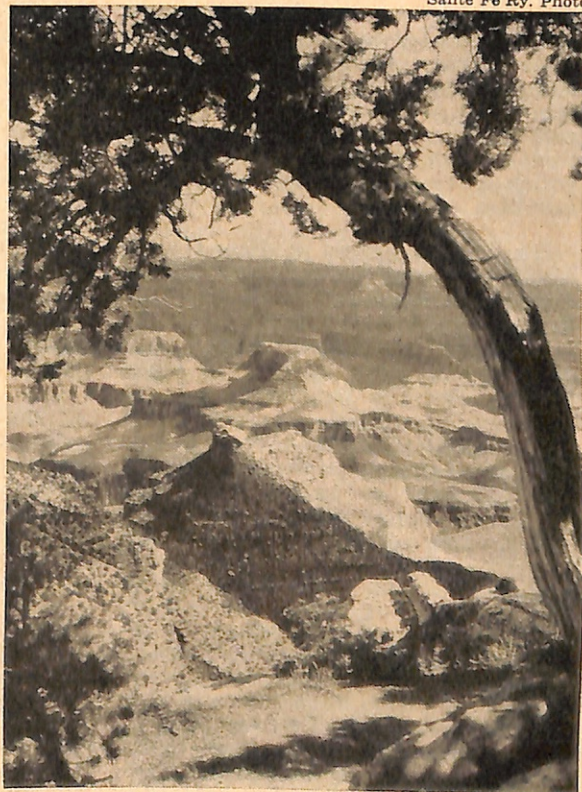
There is probably no greater geological spectacle in the world than the Grand Canyon.

the Grand Canyon and himself in, eventually controlling something like 1,000,000 acres. On part of these holdings he established the town of St. Johns, which he gave to his friends, the Mormons, for a settlement. Later Barth served in the Arizona legislature and took part in the surveys that preceded the building of the Santa Fe Railway.

The Santa Fe, by the way, didn't build the line from Williams to the south rim, although it advertised the Canyon as one of the world's wonders long before it got there. Mining men built most of the 64 miles over which through-Pullmans now roll to carry travelers there in comfort. The Santa Fe took over when the Santa Fe and Grand Canyon, as the mining men called it, failed. By that time the Santa Fe Railway had to build only eleven miles of line to reach the rim.

(Continued on page 36)

Sante Fe Ry. Photo



A river and time have dug the world's largest ditch—the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River.

It's a Man's World



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

NOTE on Sartorial Progress: There are some new neckties reproducing the vari-colored plumage of tropical birds. A recently developed suspender requires no trouser buttons, being held somewhat gingerly in place by means of metal clips. The old-fashioned leather belt is fighting a losing battle against the encroachment of snakeskin, sharkskin and even crocodile, in addition to woven plastic jobs as colorful as a Mexican *serape*. Men who carry five or six keys and can't remember what half of them open, can now escape the psychiatrist a little longer by using a new case in which each key holder is plainly labelled.

The following is published as a public service. Nothing more quickly drives my readers to the Encyclopedia Britannica for amusement and a little light reading than some serious subject, such as how to make money. But the reconversion boom has now blown up somewhat, and this is offered for the several people who are again interested in the national sport of scratching around for an odd dollar or two.

According to my South American scouts, anybody who wants to get suddenly and filthy rich can do so by promptly entering the export business and selling eager Latin-American buyers—especially, Brazilians—such items as machinery, electrical equipment, hardware and construction material. You can also do pretty well with such hard-to-get merchandise in the United States—if you have any—but I'm told that south of the border there is a difference. The market in North America is big, they admit, but in less than a

year it will switch from a sellers' to a buyers' market. After that there will be a scramble for business and a decline of profits. In Central and South America, though, my reporters say, the people are on the verge of a great developing expansion, such as was starting in this country fifty years ago, and the customers will be buying in steadily increasing quantities for a generation.

Seems that the market is stronger there, too, because the lads down that way are pretty loyal customers, once you catch on to their methods of trading and treat them in accordance with their customs. The trouble with our sales representatives in the past has been too much aggressiveness and a refusal to learn even a smidgin of Spanish, or, for Brazil, Portuguese. It takes about six weeks to learn enough Spanish to please the customer with the proper compliments, and it pays off in bigger orders at better prices.

Another advantage is that for a while there won't be so much foreign competition. The Germans and the Russians are somewhat preoccupied and the British aren't yet in full swing, though they are smarter international traders than we are, by three lengths. What customers we secure now, we may keep. And, Brother, the day will come when we will be glad to have somebody to trade with except ourselves.

Letters to the State and Commerce Departments will get detail on opportunities in South America. But the racket is strictly for men with determination and ambition. It looks like one of the best bets of the generation for those young fellers who act disgruntled because they

think there is no more business pioneering left in the world. South America, take it away.

The latest entry in the War Between Men and Women Drivers is a grandmother with the disarming name of Lulu Lovely. Mrs. Lovely lives in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and has been instructing novice drivers for twenty-two years. She claims to have taught more than 2,000. Says she, "Women won't take the chances men will. Of all the women I've taught only two have had accidents; slight ones. Women make the best drivers."

Obviously the unhappy plight of most men is that instead of marrying *women* they married *ladies*. Hasn't Mrs. Lovely heard the joke: "Who was that lady I saw driving your car last night?" "Aw, that was no driver, that was my wife."

As one of the last remaining defenders of the male animal, I must enter a vigorous though doubtless ineffectual protest against a recent action by the city of Lewisville, Texas. That center of southwestern culture has passed a law making it a crime to whistle at a dame. If you do it, and she turns out to be not your own but somebody else's sister, you get socked a \$100 fine. If that isn't a crime, I never heard of one.

The new ordinance in this busy though minute metropolis makes it unlawful for any male person "to flirt with or ogle any female person unknown to him or to utter, make or produce any sound intended or calculated to attract the attention of any female person". The social implications of such a law are vast and indeterminable. I want to warn the Lewisville solons that they are tampering with natural forces more powerful than they. If there is too much playing around, something is likely to blow up.

When I was a boy of twelve or so my family attended box suppers in the community house of Runnymede, California, a "one-acre-and-independence" real estate promotion of chicken-raiser Charles Weeks. The ladies brought box lunches to these suppers and auctioned them off to the men who then had the privilege and the duty of dining with whatever lady owned the box he purchased.

At one such party I spotted on the other side of the room a new little girl, fresh out of Iowa, with long flaxen hair and peaches-and-cream cheeks that bounced my Adam's apple up and down. Now this eleven-year-old babe looked at me and I looked at her and then we each looked at our feet and twisted our hands and smiled, a bit furtively. What was occurring inside us at that moment no law anywhere could regulate. She didn't know me and I didn't know her but a chain reaction was in progress which guaranteed to remedy that situation, but quickly.

What happened was that along about the fifth furtive glance I

winked, that being before the whistle was invented. For such an action today in Lewisville I would be sent up to juvenile court and probably put on probation for ten years. But back in Runnymede nobody seemed much bothered about the moral aspects of winking. So I went over to her and said, "Hey, what's your name?" and discovered the little beauty was called Margaret and that the box lunch she had made was tied with a pink ribbon. So when the box with the pink ribbon came up for auction I desperately bid for it with my entire capital of 35 cents, which wasn't enough because some plutocratic old codger had 60 cents and was willing to take a chance on a box wrapped so intriguingly.

Finally I bid my 35 cents on my sister's lunch which I recognized because I'd held my finger on the knot while she tied a big red bow. She was mad at me for bidding on her lunch which she had hoped would initiate a new romance. And I was mad be-

cause I had to sit through the supper period watching Margaret tell her aged companion about her school work. We made up for it later, though, and became good friends. And I didn't feel like a criminal at all, the way small boys in Lewisville, Texas, must feel today.

The Lewisville Solomons-of-sex-conduct should take cognizance that the woo-whistle has been formally approved by such a prissy institution as the Hays office. There it was agreed after considerable study that the whistle was no corrupter of morals. The hero of a movie is permitted to whistle at a heroine without blaspheming her innocence, and without suffering some fearful retribution further along in the plot. Radio, never noted for playing around with the suggestive, accepts the whistle as a reputable sound effect, with no more significance, and no less, than the occasional cropping up in dialogue of the words "I love you". Are the Lewisville cops

planning to chase radio whistlers, too?

The woo-whistle, I wish to add, is not a form of slander to which a young woman may properly take exception. It is a compliment and is the modern—and more grammatical—method of saying, "Lady, Nature sure done all right by you", a phrase which, anyone must admit, is hardly appropriate for shouting across the street. But a whistle has a high degree of penetration and even a soft one can be heard a block away on a clear evening. Indeed, the whistle has many virtues. It is, as I have said before, an excellent and universal language, promoting accord as effectively in Ankara and New Delhi, as it does in Dallas or Lewisville. It is melodious. And a young woman of proper conformation who is out for a stroll on a fine summer morning can ask no higher tribute than the accompaniment of a succession of soft, appreciative and provocative whistles.

Diamonds Are Rough All Over

(Continued from page 6)

almost enough to lay out another diamond.

In the American League, a ball hit along the left-field line at Griffith Stadium in Washington must travel 405 feet for the jackpot, or 104 feet farther than a blow that carries the same payoff in New York. At Comiskey Park, the right-field line is anywhere from 24 to 56 feet longer than it is in the seven other parks. Barriers separating the stands from the playing fields are three to sixty feet high and pitching mounds, as we shall see presently, can vary in height as much as 50 per cent, a significant difference apparently controlled by the whim of the groundkeeper or the devious machinations of the home club looking for an edge over the opposition.

Now there are graver problems lousing up the planet than the conflicting playing conditions in baseball. Furthermore, nothing will be done to correct the disparities. No owner is going to spend a few million dollars reconstructing his plant to make it conform to more desirable blueprints. Even if he were willing to tear down the joint and build it along more logical lines, he would be balked by adjoining streets and property. Grousing about the set-up is, therefore, a lost cause on a par with fulminating against nationalism, wife-beating, bad manners and similar outrages.

Yet, comparing ball parks is not a waste of time. It helps to explain how pennants are won and lost, why there have been radical changes in pitching and batting techniques and why a team or a player can look strictly bush-league in one setting and be a ring-tailed wonder elsewhere.

The strangest part of it all is that

baseball, the most precise of all games, has not established more rigid standards controlling the overall size of the playing fields. The weight of the ball is prescribed to the quarter-ounce and only a graduate engineer is qualified to cope with the intricate measurements of the regulation diamond. Batting, fielding and pitching averages are computed to the third decimal point and are recognized by the fans as definitive yardsticks of ability. But the entire, delicately-balanced scheme is thrown hopelessly out of whack by the stretches of grass extending from the rim of the diamond to the fences.

One of the abiding mysteries of sport is that baseball has been played for more than a century with the bases set 90 feet apart. Whether Alexander Cartwright, the man who laid out the boundaries of the infield, hit upon 90 feet by sheer accident or as the result of scientific experimentation always has intrigued historians of the game. Why did Cartwright decide upon 90 feet rather than 75 or 100, which also are good, round numbers? At 75 feet, baseball would be badly unbalanced in favor of the offense. You know, having seen it so often, that perfect handling of an ordinary ground ball is required to nip the batter at first base by half a step. If the batter had to run 15 feet less, it would be virtually impossible to retire anyone but Ernie Lombardi on a grounder and nobody would be thrown out attempting to steal second base.

Conversely, the game as we know it today would be a farce with 100 feet separating the bases. Everything then would be in favor of the defense. Sharp, bounding balls that "have eyes"—as the ball players say—and squirt through the infield for base-

hits would be cut off and ferried to first base for easy putouts. It would be suicidal to go from first to third, or second to home, on ordinary singles, now a routine play. The sacrifice bunt, designed to advance a baserunner one station, would have disappeared long ago and swifties like George Case and Pete Reiser couldn't get away with a steal even if they were equipped with outboard motors for those ten extra feet.

The most astonishing aspect of this 90-foot business is that the ball used in Cartwright's time had no more resiliency than a bean bag. It was as lively as a water-soaked pumpkin, yet Cartwright unerringly hit upon the spacing between bases which, we know, made for a perfect balance between offense and defense.

A battery of Philadelphia lawyers skilled in breaking wills left by eccentric old ladies must have collaborated in writing the voluminous rules of baseball, which cover 64 pages of fine type. The code provides for every contingency that may arise during the course of a game except for the number of times a pitcher can hitch up his pants before throwing the ball and the degree of ancestral doubt that can be cast at an umpire, the blind bum. But our private gripe, those outfield distances, is kissed off hurriedly in Rule 1, as though the law-makers were anxious to go on to less controversial matters. The book merely says, "To obviate the necessity for ground rules, the shortest distance from a fence or stand on fair territory to the home base should be 250 feet." No maximum distance is fixed, you will notice. No attempt is made to establish a desirable or proper ratio in the proportions of the field.

This lack of uniformity makes for

situations that have no counterpart in any other sport. A football player from California knows he will score a touchdown in New York or New Guinea if he runs 100 yards in a straight line. Similarly, a basketball player can be sure his target will be ten feet above the floor and midway between the sidelines in Texas and Maine. The markings of a tennis court do not deviate a fraction of an inch between Wimbledon and Australia, but in baseball the variations in the fences are murder—either to the pitcher or the batter.

The short fences at the Polo Grounds which invite cheap home runs have ruined many well-pitched ball games and have broken more than one pitcher's heart. They also were an accessory to the fact in a suicide. In 1940 the Cincinnati Reds squared off against the Giants in a night game, striving to protect their slim hold on first place. It was a crucial game, but presently it appeared to be money in the bank for the Reds. They led the Giants, 3-0, with two out in the ninth inning and nobody on base. With Paul Derringer, the best pitcher in the National League that season, bowling along in fine style, the odds were 100-to-1 in the Reds' favor.

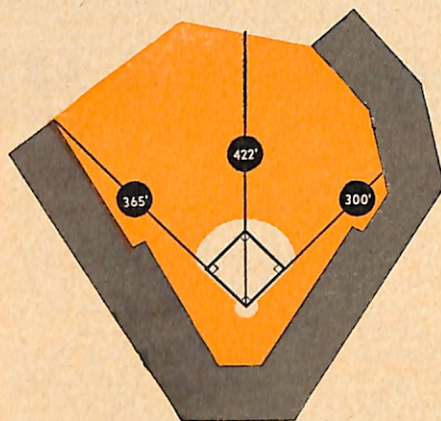
Derringer never did get that final out. He walked Frank Demaree on a 3-and-2 pitch. Mel Ott lifted a high fly to right that fell into the convenient stands for a home run. Babe Young walked. Harry Danning drove a ball to left that might have been caught in any other park. At the Polo Grounds it hit the jackpot. A homer. Final score: Giants, 4; Reds, 3. Derringer had two strikes on each of the last four batters, but he couldn't get the third one that would've wrapped up the game.

Willard Hershberger, Cincinnati catcher, was inconsolable. He blamed himself for having called the wrong pitches and although his teammates tried to tell him he was not at fault, Hershberger refused to believe them. It might have been different in Boston the next day had Hershberger, a neurotic type, been able to work off his depression. No ball game was scheduled, however, and he had nothing to do but hang around his hotel room and brood over the defeat. That night Hershberger went into the bathroom and slashed his wrists.

Many fans were startled a few months ago when the Pittsburgh Pirates, after announcing the purchase of Hank Greenberg from Detroit, quickly followed with the confirmation of a report that they were building an auxiliary left field fence in Forbes Field 20 feet closer to the plate than the old, permanent barrier. The reason for the fence-within-a-fence was quite obvious. Greenberg was bought at a cost of \$65,000 for his redoubtable talents for hitting home runs. It was equally obvious that the big guy would not unveil many of his specialities with the fence 365 feet distant, requiring the longest drive to left in the National League. Cutting off 20 feet would en-

courage more homers from Greenberg's bat and, incidentally, stimulate trade at the box-office. It was perfectly logical and legal, but to some purists among the customers, the stratagem smacked of skulduggery. Like changing the rules in the middle of a game to suit the convenience of a player holding a joker determined by him after the cards were dealt.

There was ample precedent for Pittsburgh's shifting of the scenery. After Babe Herman, holder of the all-time Brooklyn record for home runs, was traded away from the Dodgers in 1932, a new, 30-foot wire screen burgeoned atop the concrete wall in right at Ebbets Field. The management suddenly became solicitous of the damage to passersby and store windows on Bedford Avenue by balls hit over the fence. That's what they said, but the real reason for the screen was that Brooklyn was fresh



FORBES FIELD, Pittsburgh

out of sluggers and the opposition was loaded with hairy heroes who showed a predilection for wafting baseballs over the old, 297-foot fence. The strategy backfired in 1942 and probably cost the Dodgers the pennant when a dozen smacks by Dolf Camilli, which would have been good for four bases in the old days, bounced off the screen for mere singles and doubles. It all evened up, on the other hand, last season when the Dodgers, again lacking a home-run punch, were saved often enough by the screen to go down to the finish in a deadlock with the Cardinals.

The White Sox pulled a similar piece of hocus-pocus in 1933 after they bought the great Al Simmons from Philadelphia. They calmly moved the fences 20 feet closer to the range of Simmons' bat by shifting the location of the diamond in Comiskey Park. The Red Sox grew a little fed up in 1936 with the number of homers the enemy was driving over the short left-field fence in Fenway Park. Taking a leaf from the Dodgers' book, they put up a high screen in that sector for the ostensible purpose of protecting windows on Huddleston Street. The same year the team acquired Jimmy Foxx,

author of more homers by a right-handed hitter than any man in history. The screen did not discommodate Mr. Foxx who, when he teed off, could clear any man-made structure.

No ball park has had its face lifted more than Braves Field. A few days before the dedication ceremonies on August 18, 1915, Ty Cobb stood at home plate, looked around the vast place and predicted a ball never would be hit over the fences. As prophecies go in baseball, Cobb's lasted a long time—seven years. Frank Snyder, the Giant catcher, gained his first and last distinction for long-ball hitting by busting one over the left-field foul pole in 1922.

A park with intimate fences will make a travesty of the game and a field that is too big will make the home-team players want to cut their throats. It has been said the Cleveland Indians never will win the pennant as long as they play in Municipal Stadium, which is so large that the boys in the bleachers need radar to keep in communication with what is going on at home plate. A ball player's fondness for homers is exceeded only by his affection for bi-monthly pay checks. If a park's spacious acreage discourages that sort of thing, the highly sensitive athletes, ever on the alert to yelp about persecution, will go into a decline that affects their performance all along the line. Although a conspicuous absence of top-flight players covers the first six, salient reasons why the Boston Braves haven't won a pennant since 1914, the Brobdingnagian boundaries of their park may explain why the team hasn't been close to the promised land since it began to play its home games in what the ball trade calls the Airport.

It was possible, on a clear day, to see the fences in Braves Field when it first was built. Left field was 396 feet from the plate, center field 550 feet and right field 375 feet. As though things weren't tough enough for the hitters, Boston's celebrated east wind blew in from the Charles River directly behind the fences and transformed savage line drives into feeble pop flies. The management finally lent an attentive ear to the fans' demands for more and louder hitting in 1927 and added 26 rows of bleacher seats, bringing home-run territory 70 feet closer in left center. The range in right was reduced 25 feet by shifting the position of the diamond.

These alterations were made in the Fall of 1927 in anticipation of the heroics to be unveiled by Shanty Hogan, the Boston strong boy whose wesome clouting sometimes matched his appetite. Having made elaborate preparations for Hogan, the front office promptly traded him to the Giants. Came June, everyone but the Braves was bouncing so many homers into the bleachers that the reconstruction job was abandoned as a horrible mistake. It was not until last season that the Braves decided to

quit tinkering with the field and let it stand. Nothing could be done about the wind, anyway.

Although most liberties taken with original construction plans have been for the purpose of promoting the home runs the customers want, the owners have succeeded only in outsmarting themselves. Few people seem to realize that it actually is more difficult to hit a homer today than it was 20 years ago, when Babe Ruth hung up his record of 60 in one season and was followed, three years later, by Hack Wilson's National League record of 56. The Browns, owners of Sportsman's Park in St. Louis, first dreamed up the idea of adding a screen to the premises. It was aimed directly at Ruth, who had the somewhat annoying habit of dropping balls into the grandstand in moderately short (310 feet) right field. A screen from the wall to the roof of the pavilion was put up in 1928, much to the anguish of the Cardinals, who leased the park and owned the hardest-hitting club in the National League.

Screens in Ebbets Field and Fenway Park presently followed. The Phillies abandoned Baker Bowl, a ramshackle handbox with a right-field fence that was threatened with demolition every game, for Shibe Park, the home of the Athletics and one of the best fields in the business. Wrigley Field was remodeled in the interests of a more esthetic appearance and, in the confusion, the fences were pushed farther away from the plate. The Cleveland Indians, who began to transfer Sunday and holiday games from old League Park to the Municipal Stadium ten years ago, announced in February that henceforth all home engagements will be played in the Stadium, a cavernous edifice that should be equipped with relays of carrier pigeons to expedite the passage of homers. By an odd coincidence, Cleveland has no slugger who threatens to establish new records.

In jockeying for advantages to capitalize on the personnel of home teams, and exploit the weakness of the visitors, the owners are going to a good deal of trouble to kid themselves. The big idea is to win the pennant and there is no case on record in which the peculiarities of a ball park have compensated for the deficiencies of a ball club. What about cheap home runs, you ask? Look at the Giants, who play half their games in the Polo Grounds, a home-run paradise. The Giants have led the National League in round-trippers twenty-one times since 1900. They led again last year—and finished in last place. In six of the last nine seasons the Giants produced more homers than any other club—but they weren't even close to the pennant.

Since 1921 the hallmark of the Yankees has been the home run. With Ruth, Gehrig, DiMaggio and Keller on their side, the Yankees have won the American League home-run championship in all but four of the

last twenty-five years. They won it last year, but the pennant didn't go with it. Pitching always has been the pay-off for the Yankees, Giants or any other club with a penchant for hitting the ball out of sight and mind. The Yankees hung up a winning record never remotely approached by capturing seven pennants in the eight-year span between 1936 and 1944, but in none of those seasons did they have the best hitting team, apart from homers. They won because they had the best pitching staff. The sluggers were a great help, to be sure, but the backbone of their crushers were Pitchers Ruffing, Gomez, Pearson, Hadley, Chandler, Murphy, Russo and Bonham.

Paradoxically enough, the emphasis on home runs merely has served to increase the importance of pitching, today a finer art than it ever was in the dear, dead days of hansoms and shutouts. Pitching no longer is a question of how many good balls a man throws during a game, but the number of mistakes he can avoid. Ever since Ruth demonstrated the box-office appeal—and value in the personal checking account—of the loud blast ringing clear, all ball players have been pulling for the fences. The lively ball adds to the delusion of bulging muscles entertained by the hammy heroes and gives harassed pitchers the screaming meemies.

One careless ball, one pitch that misses the target by an inch, can murder a hurler and break up a game. It happens all the time, but not often to the standouts. It is significant that the Giants, despite their monopoly on home-run honors, did not lead the league in that department in 1933 and 1936, the seasons in which they won two of their last three pennants. The catch is that the opposition didn't hit many over the friendly fences, either. Not with Hubbell, Schumacher and Fitzsimmons pitching.

Even pitching, the most exacting of all the skills in baseball, has not escaped the tampering designed to give the home team an unfair advantage. The chances are you didn't

know the mound can be rigged just as craftily as the fences. A fact. Rule Number 9, Section 2, says the mound should be not more than fifteen inches higher than the surface of the infield—but it doesn't state how low it may be. As a consequence, the pitcher's hill in major-league parks varies from ten to fifteen inches, depending on the pleasure of the home team. Maybe this seems a picayune matter to you, but it gives pitchers conniption fits, and with good cause.

A difference of five inches can throw a man's control completely out of line until he adjusts himself to it. That is why you often see a man, who barely manages to get through a rocky first inning, settle down and work himself a whale of a game. That is why pitchers always are pawing at the rubber with their spikes, trying to get a more comfortable foothold. In the absence of a uniform rule governing the mound—which has absolutely nothing to do with the physical properties or peculiarities of the field—it's a case of every man for himself, as Dizzy Dean said.

In general, overhand fast-ball pitchers favor a high mound because it gives more momentum to their deliveries. Men who throw side-arm and depend on curves for their effectiveness prefer a low mound since they sweep, rather than fire, their stuff up to the plate. One standard rule would put an end to the nonsense, which is largely academic, anyway.

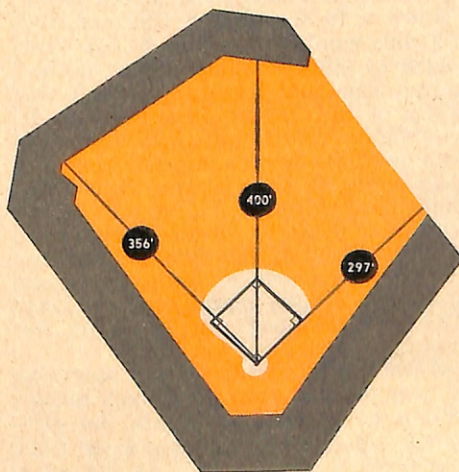
Bucky Harris, the new manager of the Yankees, tells an illuminating anecdote in this respect. In 1924, when the great Walter Johnson was the ace of the Washington pitching staff, the mound in Griffith Stadium was only three inches high. Seems that Johnson's blazing sidearm stuff did the opposition the least good from that height and was imposed on all other pitchers. In the course of the season, the rubber was so scuffed and discolored that it was almost impossible to tell when a pitcher was assuming a legal stance or creeping up on the hitter. Although we have no intention of destroying the illusions of the young, it was common practice for Washington pitchers to beat the rulebook and inch closer to the plate.

One day George Mogridge was pitching against the Yankees and was embarrassed no end in an early inning when Babe Ruth got to him for a home run. Mogridge survived that stroke and was going along famously until Ruth stepped up again in the ninth with enough Yankees on base to win the game.

"I walked out to Mogridge for a conference," Harris relates. "This is the time to pour it to him," I said. "If you're gonna cheat, don't bother taking six inches. Steal six feet on him." Mogridge followed orders to the letter.

What happened?

Harris shrugs. "Nothing much, except that Ruth hit a longer home run than he did the first time."



EBBETS FIELD, Brooklyn

IN THE DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



**Mr. Faust goes all the way
'round the mulberry bush
before he gets to his subject
—dogs.**

NOT a summer has gone by for the past ten years that Mickey Clannen hasn't shown up. Before going any further, that is not his name and the reason for misnaming him will be apparent as you read on.

At one time he was a top-flight jockey, one of the best this or any other country has ever produced. Today he is that abhorred thing among real horse folks—a tout. Whether this is due to a basic defect of character, or whether he's doing the only thing he can to keep close to his beloved horses, or whether he was the victim of circumstances when the first World War swept over Europe, destroying his livelihood for those years, I don't know. But I do know that while I was a lowly exercise boy roosting in horse garrets, Clannen was living high, wide and handsome with more dollars than there are flies in all the Nation's boarding houses.

He was the only jockey I ever saw who looked like one—or, at least, like what Hollywood and the stage let you think a jockey looked like: checked suit, yellow shoes, purple tie and a cigar protruding from the side of his mouth. When he removed the cigar he used that side of his face for conversation. He had, and still has, the worst case of "I" trouble you ever saw and his ego prompts him to make molehills out of other people's mountains. But I always find him interesting. He lives a see-saw existence following the horses around the country and his life is spiced with the ever-present fear of encountering one of his victims.

Back in his heyday he hung up two world's records for winnings that have never been broken. He was a favorite of millionaires when racing really was the sport of kings. When he grew too heavy for the American scale of weights, which is consider-

ably lower than the European scale, he sailed for Europe, accompanied by thirty-two trunks and two valets. He was signed to ride for one of the princes of a now defunct empire. He was the only jockey ever to dine with the emperor of that country, one of the most autocratic men who ever lived.

When war broke out, racing, of course, ceased all over the Continent. Peace found friend Mickey too heavy and unable to get down to riding weight, and he was broke—so broke that he returned to this country on borrowed money. Your old-time race rider was never known for thrift. Today, I'm told, some of the boys do have an eye for the future. When I was a kid and he was the king-pin jock, an obscurity like Faust couldn't get near enough to him to hand him a ripe peach. But later on, things were different and it came about in this way:

Some years ago, a now deceased editor of this Magazine asked me if I knew a fellow named Clannen and if I did, would I come in to his (the editor's) office, because a gent of that name was there trying to sell the story of his racing experiences. It was Clannen, all right, but his story was awful. It was agreed that I'd help whip it into shape, but after months of struggle, I gave up. What Clannen thought interesting were technicalities of the sport, completely ignoring those of his experiences that would have made good reading. Then he dropped out of sight for nearly a year.

I should add that when I saw him he was plain shabby, obviously broke. When he showed up again, he glittered. We had lunch which he paid for from a roll of bills as big as a mustache cup. Noting my surprise, he explained that the object of his

visit was to ask me to act as his junior tout to get customers for him.

Now Faust isn't exactly a Boy Scout, but at least he wouldn't cheat you—while you're looking. Anyway, rounding up suckers, as they're known in Certain Circles, isn't the Faust idea of making an honest living. Like many of Mr. Clannen's dubious craft, his system was simple. If there were six horses in a race, he would give each of six bettors a separate "hot tip", covering every horse in the race. The only proviso was that if you bet on his tip, you had to agree to bet a stipulated sum of your money for him. Mickey didn't put up a dime but in every race he had money riding on a sure winner. Simple, wasn't it?

Of course, in time, bettors would lose faith in his tips if they didn't win, and would drift away, but there was always a sufficient number of gullible replacements and always a certain few who would win and, from then on, were steady clients. What a racket!

The pitiful part is that a man whose name is written in letters that sparkle in the annals of horse racing should stoop to sharp practice on the strength of that name. But then, it's just another proof of the real thing wrong with horse racing—and I'm not getting on a soap box—something I've never heard a sports scribe mention: the sport takes youngsters at an age when they should be learning something useful, and for a few brief years may set them up high, only to cast them aside when they grow too heavy to ride. As I've mentioned before, the American scale of weight is so low that many of these boys quickly outgrow their usefulness and, unfortunately, once the virus of the game really enters a boy's blood, he never gets over it.

Declining a partnership in Mr. Clannen's skulduggery caused no hard feelings on either side. You see, he likes dogs, and anyone who likes dogs can work both sides of the street for my money. In fact, in later years Mickey has been showing up regularly with a pair of purps, and wants more information than a suspicious policeman.

Yes, now that it's nearly summer I expect to see Mickey any day. I further expect that he'll have his usual queries about fleas, food, medicines and what-not concerning his pooches and I'll have to give him a written list of things to do for those purps in summertime. I do it every time, and he always loses the list.

Now that the weather is warming up, it might be a good idea to talk about things you can do to make your dog happier during the hot spells. I boxed around this subject a few years ago but since then there may be some Elks who have become dog owners or some dog owners who have become Elks. Then, too, there is a passel of new things I'm just busting to inform my eager public about.

The No. 1 rule for all times of the year (but you can give it extra play

when the thermometer starts to soar) is always to have fresh, clean drinking water available for your dog. At this time it should be cool and during the hottest days a few pieces of ice in the pan will be relished by Fido. To make up for the loss of salt through perspiration, you might add a little—very little—salt to the water. (Incidentally, this is a good idea for your own summer drinking water.) When the dog's pan is kept outdoors, be sure it is in the shade throughout the day.

If you keep Fido's food in the ice box, let it reach room temperature before giving it to him, because, due to its bulk, chilled food does not warm up in the dog's stomach as quickly as does water.

This is the time of the year when you can cut down a bit on the size of the meals and eliminate fats and oils from the pooch's dinner pail. Don't leave any leftover food in the pan. It might turn rancid and the average dog is by no means a gourmet—which leads me to digress a bit on one theory as to why some otherwise well-fed dogs just will root around in the neighbors' trash pails.

A vet explains it this way: the habit is due simply to a monotonous home diet, and, come to think of it, I know some dog owners who never think of changing the pup's menu. If you have a panhandler for a pet, try varying his diet to see if it will cure him. Even if you use a commercial food, make it more interesting by an occasional admixture of table scraps. I don't know who it was who said no one could eat a pheasant a day for thirty days, but I'd say it's a fact. Considering that a dog is a large part stomach, you can understand his appreciation of a change.

Eliminate starchy foods at all times of the year; the average dog's system isn't built to extract nourishment from such foods. To be on the safe side, cook most meats you give the dog, although raw beef, if entirely fresh and varied with other food, is good for him. Here too is where you can give a big play to fruit and vegetable juices for your pup; they're very nourishing and non-fat-tening.

If the dog is kept outside, put him on a trolley—a heavy wire strung between two trees or posts and running through a loose metal ring to which his chain can be attached. But see that he can stay in the shade if he wants to. To break the heat of direct sun rays put a few leafy boughs on the roof of his house. If possible, place the house in the shade.

At this time of the year canine cleanliness is all-important. His house should be flushed out every other day with your garden hose, and then placed in the sun to dry. Here is where a house with a removable roof comes in handy. Don't worry about bedding; a few sheets of newspaper are all he'll need. File his cushion away for the summer. Other good beddings are a square of oil cloth or a thin layer of cedar shav-

(Continued on page 33)



HE'S THE 1947 high school graduate. In your community, hundreds like him face one of life's most important decisions: What now?

He needs advice from successful men like yourself.

You could advise him to take a job — any job — until he runs across something interesting.

But how wise to suggest an *Army* job — where he joins in one of the broadest technical research programs in history; where he may have an opportunity to learn office procedure and other details of business administration; where on a 3-year enlistment he may choose from many up-to-date skills and trades. What better chance to get more education in specialized fields *and earn good pay at the same time.*

The Regular Army itself is a fine career offering excellent chances for advancement, leadership, adventure, and generous retirement benefits.

Other young soldiers have discovered, in the course of their work, a lifetime civilian specialty. For the new Regular Army is a giant educational institution, featuring (1) basic military training; (2) specialist training; (3) correspondence courses; (4) off-duty class programs; and (5) general broadening effect of travel and assumption of responsibility.

Your aid as a voluntary adviser in these important times is a valued public service. For further details, please ask your nearest Army Recruiting Officer.

Urge the finest young men you know to join now!

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE



YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 15)

ing and not enough money. In her seventeenth year, Emily is invited to visit her rich Aunt Isabel at Flanders Point, a flossy New England summer resort where people who have come for fifteen consecutive summers are still considered to be on trial, and where members of long-standing pride themselves, in a sort of inverse snobbery, on the *simple* life.

Aunt Isabel has an impulse to make a Lady of Emily, to give her some of the glossy finish of the sleek, sunbrowned, long-maned boarding school misses who lie on the beach at Flanders Point (in the mornings only, of course, since in the afternoons the maids come down to swim).

Aunt Isabel is not unkind to Emily, and poor, deaf old Uncle Joseph goes out of his way to be sweet to her. Even the Young People, the beautiful, poised girls and the bland, prep-school boys, are polite and ask Emily to their parties. But Emily, in her sister's extra pair of shoes, and with her small-town high school etiquette (which, she finds soon enough, is not universally accepted) never feels quite at home. She is hopelessly alien in this idyllic, sunbathed world where the enjoyment of leisure seems to be surrounded by rules as numerous, complex and as fatal to break as the laws governing deportment at a Chinese royal court of ancient days.

And then, underneath the surface of this beautiful world, Emily discovers a small tragedy, a small horror. Small only because the blinding sun on the beach, and the dreamy ocean haze almost filter it out. That this evil—minimized as it is—is visible only to Emily, the alien, may be somewhat frustrating to the reader, but it adds an important dimension to the story. Most realistic novelists, these days, see *only* horror. Their stories are all tragedy, frustration, Sturm, drang, and neurosis, while the frivolous writers who prefer to see and hear no evil at all are left to handle the sweet icing. Mrs. Cooper has managed to have her cake and eat it. Her story is about life at its easiest and most charming. Yet she manages to include in it a sort of parable of the unmentioned bad that lies so close to the surface but is seldom seen.

Summer Stranger is a beautifully written book. Its social satire is so gentle as to be almost imperceptible. It captures to perfection the magic laziness of holidays at the seashore. It is a treat for those who like small, delicate effects, and enjoy reading about the polite details of daily life. (Harper, \$3.00)

WEB OF LUCIFER a novel of the Borgia Fury by Maurice Samuel

No children's story, this. It is for adults with strong stomachs, tough minds, and an interest in history—

particularly that of the Italian Renaissance, during the latter part of the 15th Century. This was the age of clearcut contrast between good and evil; of Pius II and Machiavelli.

In a prefatory note to this aptly subtitled "novel of the Borgia fury", Mr. Samuel quotes the historian, Ferdinand Gregorovius, who says of the Renaissance, "It will always appear strange that the tenderest blossoms of art" flowered in the midst of a society "whose moral perversity and inward brutality are to us moderns altogether loathsome. If we could take a man such as our civilization now produces, and transfer him into the Renaissance, the daily brutality which made no impression on the men of that age would shatter his nervous system and probably upset his reason".

To this Mr. Samuel adds, "It should be noted, however, that the historian, Gregorovius, wrote this in 1874".

As you read this richly woven and often shocking story, the implication is obvious: that in the last few years we have easily matched, if not topped, the cruelty and callousness of the Renaissance that so horrified the civilized men of a few generations ago. By the same token, however, Mr. Samuel holds out hope. According to him the restless confusion of our own times, the breaking down of old standards and the disorderly groping for new ones are not so different from the confusion that oppressed the thinking men of the Renaissance.

Web of Lucifer is the story of the brilliant and treacherous Cesare Borgia, as seen through the eyes of the engaging village lad, Giacomo, who worshipfully entered his retinue in the hope that Borgia would bring peace to Italy by unifying her warring cities. This ideal of a unified country had been instilled in Giacomo by the saintly village priest, Fra Matteo, who was saddened to see how his pupil interpreted his teachings.

Through Giacomo you see the daz-

zling, unprincipled life of the ducal courts, and follow Cesare's equally dazzling and unprincipled political strategy. And you see Giacomo sucked into the fury and morass of moral disintegration around him, until a shattering climax to his personal relationship with Cesare Borgia makes him face the truth that he has so long tried to avoid—that even in the pursuance of the most lofty ideal, the end does not justify the means.

Here, there are many parallels to our own world. The scenes of cruelty which the author describes with almost unbearable detail are less dreadful than much eyewitness-testimony of cruelties in Nazi concentration camps. The eagerness of so many to follow Cesare for the sake of possible "order", or for power or for personal gain, or simply because he is strong, is duplicated today where men follow the flame of the dictator, refusing to ask themselves whether they may not, in the end, be burned in it themselves.

This is an interesting novel for today's readers, but it is rough going. It is not recommended to anyone who might be offended by a recital of cynicism and sin which, though it is contrasted to goodness (there are many noble men and women in the story) and justly appraised by the author, is still brutal in the extreme. (Knopf, \$3.00)

FINAL CURTAIN a mystery novel by Ngaio Marsh

Mystery writers now tend to concentrate more and more on atmosphere and suspense, less and less on deduction. Not so Ngaio Marsh. *Final Curtain* is for readers who like to drive themselves crazy following a mass of complicated clues. It contains at least a dozen likely suspects, each more eccentric and emotional than the last and, after the first thirty or so slowish pages, plenty of action.

The scene: a fantastic Gothic nightmare of a castle, perpetrated by a Victorian architect, and complete with towers, turrets, arrow slits and a forest of chimney stacks. The principal victim: Henry Ancred, Britain's leading actor, an aged hero—vain, tyrannical, magnificent. He is surrounded by a hoard of theatre-born children and grandchildren, all jockeying for position in his will. The principal suspect: Sonia, a luscious platinum blonde show girl, installed in the castle by Henry Ancred, and hated by his children who fear he will marry her. The sleuths: Agatha Troy Alleyn, who is commissioned to paint a portrait of the old actor, and her husband, Chief Inspector Roderick Alleyn. The action: two murders and a series of grim practical jokes. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)



Is Soap Slipping?

(Continued from page 11)

Its use in industry is widening as well. Metal polishes, scouring powders, shoe polishes, sanitary sprays, bottle cleansers and floor polishes among others are reaching new efficiency ratings.

Most soap companies, far from being worried, are glad to be enabled to offer a better product at less cost of raw materials. Besides, many of the soap manufacturers make cosmetics and pharmaceutical items themselves, which have for long benefited from the petroleum oil soaps.

Retail prices of synthetic detergents are about 20 per cent higher than everyday soaps, but improved processes are spiralling the cost down. Five years ago, the wholesale price was about 60 per cent higher.

That housewives prefer the synthetic is evidenced by a survey made in Detroit last year. More than 90 per cent of the women queried said they preferred the synthetic. The other ten per cent said they'd gladly settle for either.

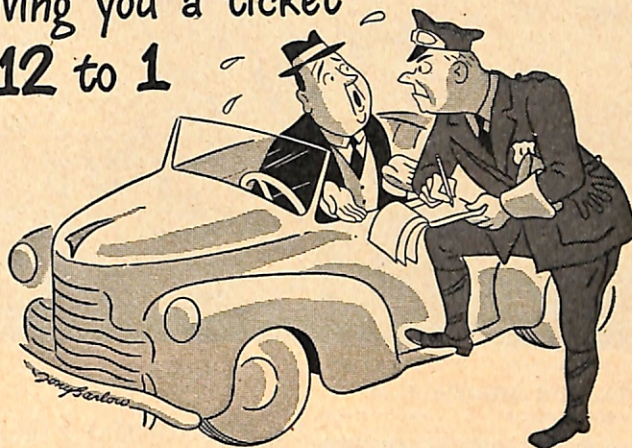
Three huge plants for the manufacture of the synthetics, using alkylated benzene-sulfonate as a base, are in the process of being set up. Also, it has appeared under more than 350 brand names, indicating that, soap or no soap, it will be a permanent fixture.

As with many another by-product of the war, the synthetic has been found to be better than the real.

Housewives who cannot get either are turning to a kind of pioneer recipe that was used extensively in the Nineties. Fats that are not fit for food are strained through a cheesecloth. One pound of lye is dissolved in cold water and the fat slowly added, the while stirring constantly. Three teaspoons of borax, one of salt and two tablespoons of sugar are added to the first mixture. Ammonia may be added, about a cupful. The whole is then poured into a pan, scored when hardened and piled properly for drying.



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FROM "YOU BET YOUR LIFE" by LEO GUILD
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Gadget & Gimmick Department

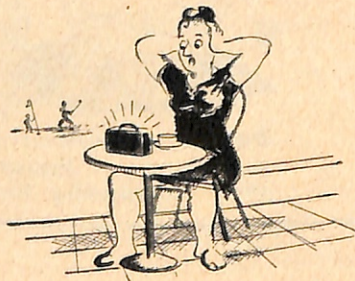
By W. C. BIXBY



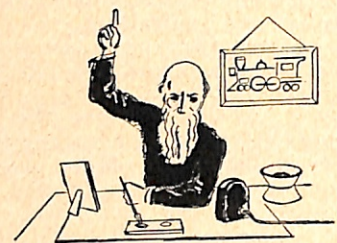
THE ladylike Mrs. Whistleblatt leaned out the window the other day and spotted the car leaning against the house. "George," she said, "the car looks terrible." And it was true. The poor old car did look terrible, particularly the paint job. But that fading paint need bother Mrs. Whistleblatt no more. There is a new car paint on the market, designed for home use. You can do the job yourself, which saves a lot of trouble, not to mention the money angle. Believe it or not, the job of painting your own car can be done in an hour and requires only a quart of this newly developed paint. Manufacturers are so confident about their new product that they guarantee the paint for two years against chipping, peeling, cracking or fading. Tried under all climatic conditions, the paint came through with flying colors, to coin a phrase. As if all this enthusiasm weren't enough, the makers of the paint hustled off to London to have Lloyds insure the product. Try the paint. There's one thing certain, it can't make the car look any worse, can it?



STRONGHEART squinted through his bifocals at the green some distance away. How far was it? How close was it? He didn't know. He couldn't make up his mind and furthermore he didn't know which club to use. Now, if he'd had this simple little gadget he'd have known everything almost instantly. The gadget is nothing more or less than a pencil, an automatic pencil of course. But on the non-writing end there is a scale. If you hold the pencil so, with your thumb so, and look at the flag on the green so, then you can find out how far it is to the green and which club to use to try to get there. It is indeed the indecisive golfer's salvation. Fore!



IN ADDITION to Strongheart, a lot of golfers will take to the fairways soon. In fact, it could get crowded. There'll be that female foursome in the way; there'll be the slow caddy who swishes about in the undergrowth trying to spy a lost ball. All these things can raise your blood pressure and probably will during the coming summer. But the usual golf confusion can be reduced if everyone is fitted out with the new shoulder-slung two-way radio. The radio is good for transmission up to about seven miles. With it we can visualize golf courses run on clock-like schedules. Golfers can be spaced and the whole thing will be orderly. Master scorekeepers in the clubhouse can keep scores up to date, plotting results feverishly in the manner of the stock market. Bettors



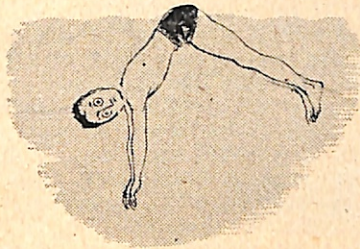
can sip cool alcoholic drinks and wager on the nip-and-tuck outcomes. The rich phrasing of irate golfers can be noted by writers of vigorous prose and thus move our literary index down another notch. Yes, this two-way radio will add a little bounce to the golf season. Just wait and see.

FOR the smooth type of executive who likes a quiet office humming faintly with pure 100 per cent efficiency, a new desk gadget has been developed. It is a modern clock-size desk intercommunication unit. The transmitting box is housed in a black plastic cabinet, while the amplifier for reply may be located at some convenient point off the desk. The speaker permits the dignified exec to give his vital commands in a normal speaking voice. The amplifier for reply has a feature which cuts down noise. Infernal scratchings and other circuit noises are eliminated and the giggling of secretaries in outer offices is subdued, if not filtered out completely. Two speaker stations, an amplifier and 100 feet of interconnecting wire form the unit. As many as five additional stations can be hitched up.



IN OUR modern telescoped civilization consisting of collapsible chairs, tables and beds and wives another item is added. It is a combination wall clock and radio. It was designed to be hung on the wall of the bedroom or kitchen, though there's no reason why you can't hang it wherever you like. The face of the

instrument (we'll call it an instrument for lack of a better name) consists of a regular clock while the radio adjusting dials are discreetly hidden around one corner of the thing. Barely discernible on the front of the instrument is a small dial for radio selection. While time passes more or less regularly you can listen to the stream of daytime serials where tragedy is designed to strike every day at the appointed time. There is a switch, I believe, which will permit you to turn the radio off and let the time pass in dignified silence. If there isn't such a switch, there certainly should be one, don't you agree?



HERE'S new hope for the lazy swimmer. Lazy swimmers, as we all know, are a definite hazard and a responsibility to their friends. Take last summer, I lost a good friend who was nothing more or less than a very lazy swimmer. He started out one day swimming toward a float in the lake. Halfway to the float he just got tired and quit swimming. And that was the last anyone saw of him. Well, anyway, these new swimming trunks have little pads of vinyl-plastic which can be inflated, thus keeping you afloat. They are

sort of like hidden water-wings, they don't show and the wearer can float in a sitting position, prone position or standing position—in fact in any position. The hidden pontoons (shall we call them that?) are inflated by means of a connecting tube and a simple airtight valve. It sounds like a good deal.



A LOT of men balk at shaving twice a day and who can blame them? There is, it seems, no more irksome problem confronting modern man than the business of shaving. He must go to the office and work all day; therefore he must shave in the morning. His wife has invited Wembly and Lobelia Schneck over for the evening; therefore he must shave when he gets home. The poor sad sack, he grimaces painfully through dinner with his face raw and bleeding. It's no wonder men loathe shaving twice a day. But now, thanks to some inventor or other, men needn't worry any more. There is a new face cream available which hides that dreadful five o'clock shadow. Just rub the cream on and you won't have to lurk in the shadows with your beard until the guests leave. Oh, happy time!

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

Bread and Meat to Him

The noble earl was a rakehell, a gay, roistering blade. His was one of 18th Century England's great names, and he held the high office of First Lord of the Admiralty. But he left the Admiralty to grow rife with bribery and corruption while he spent his time in the infamous Hell Fire Club or fashionable coffee houses, gambling recklessly and continuously.

All night long he sat at the gaming tables. So high were the stakes, so hot was the fever on him that he would not rise to go to supper. There must be a flagon and a tray of food at his elbow so that he could dine as he played.

One night he absent-mindedly

reached for the platter, thrust a slice of roast beef between two pieces of toast and bit into the result with satisfaction. James Montague, fourth Earl of Sandwich, had perpetuated his name through the accidental creation of the first sandwich: one cold roast beef, toasted.

With another nobleman, Earl Spencer, who invented the short overcoat named after him, Sandwich is commemorated also in a verse:

Two noble earls, whom if I quote,
Some folks might call me sinner;
The one invented half a coat,
The other half a dinner.

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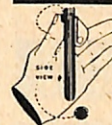
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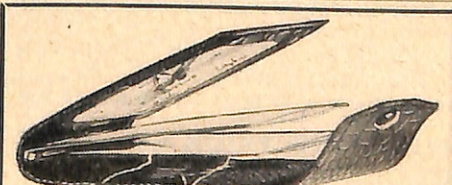


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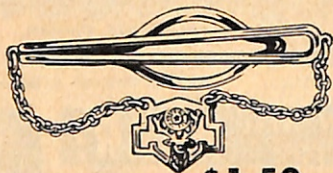
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HONOR ROLL

D. ABBOTT
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Men in Motion

(Continued from page 18)

of this business. True, the volume had only a small profit, but it was a cash business and the average sale was substantial. It would be repeat business, too. He visited every industrial establishment in the area, every branch of municipal government, every church and Sunday school, every fraternal organization. Encouraging orders resulted. He decided that it might be wise to carry some office furniture and fixtures in stock—and found that such items readily sold.

Today, this young man has a large and prosperous business. It's possible to buy anything in his store from a paper clip to a big steel filing cabinet, from a pencil to an adding machine. He could preach a sermon on the value of motion. He is still on the move, his store is still growing. He's very happy about it, too.

Sometimes, sheer inertia seems to have been literally forced on a business or industry. That's when it's the most dangerous. Take what happened to Wallace H. Dodge, an Indiana wooden-ware manufacturer, as an example. On a July Fourth, his birthday, his small factory in Mishawaka, Indiana, was destroyed by fire. There was no insurance. It would have been very easy for Dodge to have stopped then and there, and gone back to farming.

He wasn't a stopper, however. Almost before the embers were cool, he was prowling around the remains of

the plant to see if there wasn't something he could salvage. He wanted to rebuild.

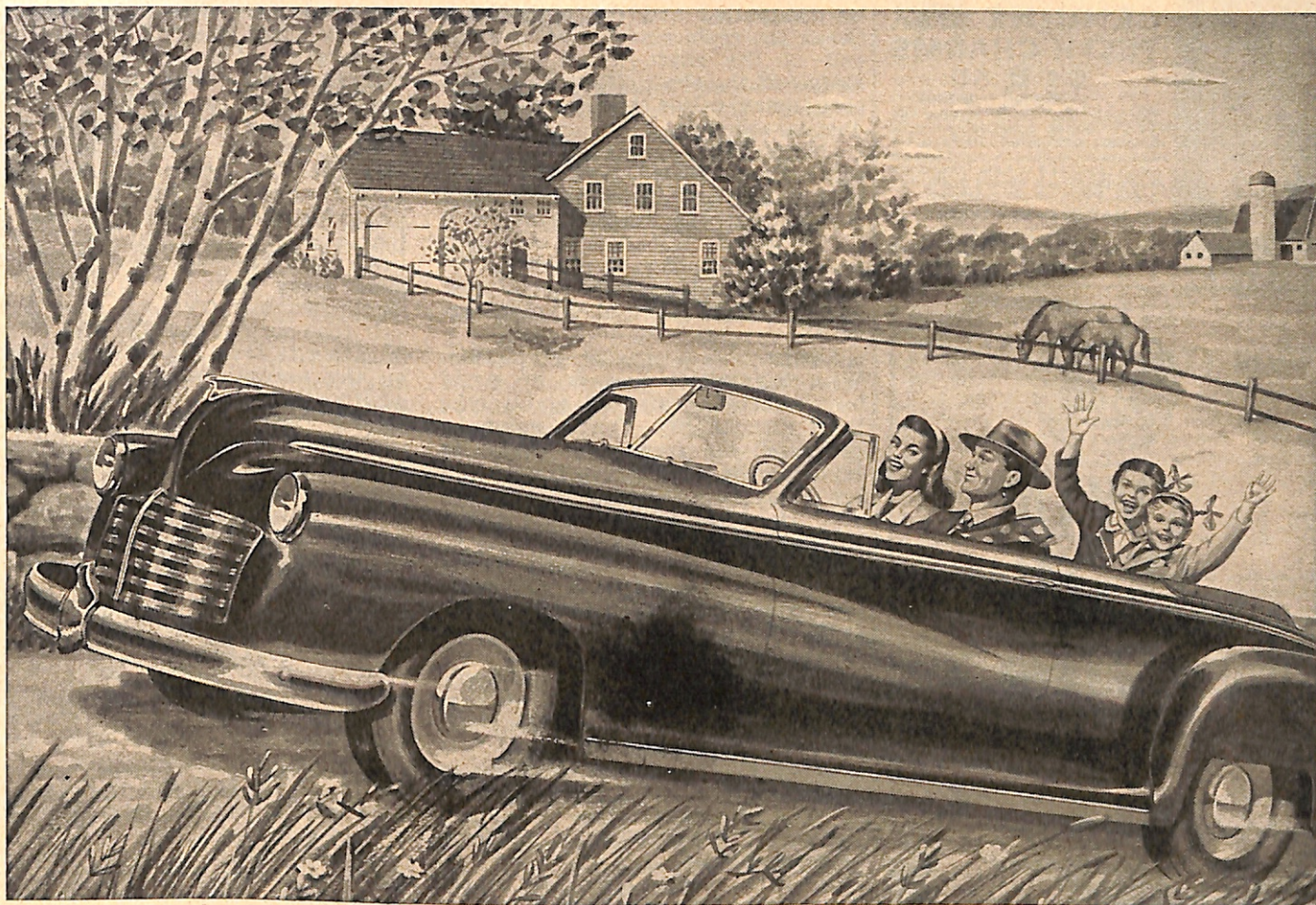
There wasn't much he could find, aside from some partially burned wooden pulleys. He dragged from the ashes several of these sections, examined them critically. He found a few with about one-half still sound, untouched by fire. Brooding on how he could save something for the new plant, the idea came to him that perhaps he could saw off the burned portions of the pulleys and have several sound halves that might be joined together to form one perfect pulley.

That wasn't what excited him, however. He became suddenly aware of the fact that he had stumbled on an idea that would revolutionize the mechanical transmission of power. He whistled, patented the idea in a hurry, built a great manufacturing plant that rendered American industry a most useful service.

What he discovered was simple. In those days, every factory or industrial plant operated one central power plant. Power was delivered to individual machines through wooden pulleys installed on a central line shaft, actuated by the central power plant. If you can imagine a pencil that pierces a number of spools, you have an excellent idea of the principle involved. It was a good system, but it had one serious bug in it. When it was necessary to replace or install a new wooden pulley on the



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line shaft, that shaft would have to be dismantled and the pulleys between the replacement area and the end of the shaft would have to sledge off the shaft. That took time, cost money, raised the devil with production schedules.

Using what Dodge called "The Split Wood Pulley", with the pulley in two sections instead of being a single unit, the replacement of a pulley, or the installation of a new one, was a matter of minutes. No wonder American industry almost swamped the Dodge plants with orders!

Dodge was a master of motion. With his initial success, he could have coasted, rested on his laurels, lived comfortably. But, instead, he continued his forward motion. He invented the split iron and steel pulley, something industry hailed with joy. He invented, improved power transmission machinery, became the leader in the field. Wallace H. Dodge is dead, but the business still bears his name and has never departed from his theory of motion being the key to success.

When some of my skeptical friends speak sneeringly about the dishonesty assumed to prevail in New York, I manage to smile tolerantly.

If I have the time, I point out to them that there is one organization in New York that has an annual turnover of \$3,000,000—a business that has flourished for 58 years, and where the guiding principle of the business is that the average man is inherently honest.

I refer to the 22 branches of New York's Exchange Buffet Corporation, where thousands of hungry customers daily help themselves from open display counters, march up to the cashier and pay what they believe the food is worth. The customer is trusted to remember what each item cost—and his memory is never questioned.

For 58 years, the business has paid dividends. The first cafeteria was located in close proximity to the Stock Exchange—the cafeteria idea was a novelty then and the idea of

trusting the customer to compute his own food check was sensational.

Julius Child, the founder, watched the progress of his first venture, saw daily indications that his philosophy of trust was sound. He started to expand. Man in motion! That was Child. Last year the enterprise sold over 9,000,000 meals—and less than 1 per cent of the customers tried to hedge on what they really owed. It took a survey to reveal that.

At some branches, nearly 100,000 meals have been served without a single customer trying to cheat.

It took vision, courage and determination to launch a business based on the natural honesty of people, whether it is in New York or elsewhere. Especially, when it's done in the face of the advice of well-meaning friends. Child had those qualities and they helped to build a chain of restaurants that are entirely unique. He kept moving! And that motion has paid handsome dividends through the years.

The best and most prosperous stores on Main Street or Fifth Avenue were once small shops. The men who owned them had a fine sense of motion, kept their places modern, explored the needs of their customers, even anticipated them. They have kept moving! That's why they are at the top. When someone moves faster, they will drop their leadership and slip into second place.

Man in motion! Progress can't be made without motion. The first command given a recruit of the armed forces is "Forward, March!" He never forgets it, and it helps to make him a good soldier. He is not only moving, but he knows *where* he is moving.

The future years will be different. They are going to establish new standards and improved techniques will be used in every field. It's going to be an unhappy and an unprofitable time for the man who is not in motion. For the individual, however, who is in motion and who knows where he is going, the rewards are going to be generous.

FAME IN A NAME

By Fairfax Downey

It Put Him on the Map

Born in Florence, Italy, he became a merchant-adventurer, a free-lance explorer. Since he had some skill in navigation and the necessary daring, he risked four voyages to the New World Columbus recently had discovered on the other side of the Western Ocean. Like the Genoan, the Florentine mistook it for India.

This explorer wrote several letters on his "discoveries". They were published, widely read and on

them were based maps on which the new land was labeled *Tierra de Amerigo*. That immortalized the name of Signor Amerigo Vespucci. His first voyage had not been made until 1497—Columbus was five years ahead of him—but only a small Central American country is called Colombia while a large part of a whole hemisphere goes by the name of America. Then, as on later occasions, justice took a beating from publicity.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 25)

ings. If you prefer the latter, write to me and I'll tell you where you can buy them by the bag. The newspapers can be destroyed each day and the oil cloth scrubbed every so often.

For some reason, flies do not seem to like blue, so it's a good idea to paint the interior of the doghouse that color. It's well to disinfect the house occasionally, but don't do it with a strong solution as dogs are very sensitive to odors both by schnozzle and by skin absorption. If the doghouse has a partition which shuts off direct air currents and keeps out the rain from the sleeping compartment, all the better. An old square of carpet will serve for a door.

Fleas and other external parasites get in their best licks when the thermometer rises and they have more children then, too, so vigilance and plenty of flea powder are called for and don't forget to de-flea and air the dog's bedding daily.

Sometimes flies raise so much mischief that their bites on Fido's ears will draw blood. If this happens, apply a little tallow, axle grease or camphor.

One of the most hard-to-down misconceptions is that our long-coated four-legged friend is grateful when his Master clips his coat closely for coolness. This is the stuff they fill balloons with; actually the long coat acts as insulation against the sun's rays and makes a cooler purp. It is not at all rare to see some of the short-coated dogs suffering heat prostration. I've seen this at several dog shows. So lay those clippers down, if yours is a long-coated galoot.

If the dog does get knocked over by heat, put him in a cool, quiet place and bathe his head—and the part of his body between his legs—with cold water. I mean cold. Talk quietly to the dog as this is a new, terrifying experience for him.

If the weather causes a heat fit, or any kind of simple fit, the cellar's the place for the dog if you can catch him and the same treatment above is the prescription.

I usually advise against over-bathing a dog, but when it really gets

warm you can dunk him as often as you like. Although it will result in a dry coat and lessening of the oil in the skin, the addition to the dog's comfort is worth it. Use a good dog soap, but unless the day is unusually hot, dry the animal right down to his skin.

Now, of all times, your dog should have a daily grooming—with brush and comb if he's long-coated, or just a brush if his coat is short.

For internal parasites which seem to take a new lease on life during the summer, there are a number of good medicines sold in almost any drug store, but if your dog is a puppy be sure to get the kind made for pups, as the adult sort is too powerful for young dogs.

Skin ailments are hastened by warm weather and if you are in any doubt as to whether your dog has eczema or one of the two forms of mange, then take the dog to your vet. For eczema there is a commercial preparation that has proved quite effective. Write me, if you want the name.

For a minor case of mange, there are also preparations sold in well-stocked drug stores. But be sure of what type mange it is—one, sarcoptic, lends itself to cure; the other, follicular, is so impossible that Uncle Sam says no treatment is dependable. So, if in doubt, see your vet—which brings to mind a question often asked me, "How do I know if the vet is good?" To this I can only tell what I look for myself: first, a reputation for success; second, the reputation of the man—Do animals like him? Does he like them?—and, third, the kind and extent of his equipment—Is his kennel kept scrupulously clean? Does he refuse to "yes" you? Does he seem to know what he is doing, or is he hesitant? Does he give you a thorough explanation of what is wrong with your dog and in words that are not too technical?

There is no more to it than this, other than that unexplainable something that arouses confidence in a man—and that is beyond my poor powers to define.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject." This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address *The Elks Magazine*—50 E. 42nd St., New York 17.



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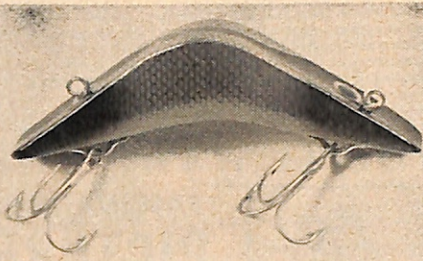
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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 14)

The trout fisherman is not confined to the open season for his pleasure, however. He has been busy for months preparing for opening day. Finally, the time has come when he can put his theories to work, and the Minnesota-Wisconsin area gives the trout fisherman plenty of room to practice. The largest trout of all are found in Lake Superior itself. Numerous three- and four-pound eastern brook trout, known as coasters, are caught along the rocky shores of this cold, clear lake. In addition to these native trout, browns and rainbows have been introduced. These probably are more numerous and grow to an even larger size, reaching a weight of twelve pounds in Superior.

All stream trout—whether brook, brown or rainbow—when living in a lake like this must leave the still lake waters and enter streams to spawn. The brook and brown trout run in the Fall, and toward the end of the season often are caught where they are gathering near the mouths of the spawning rivers. The rainbows run in the early Spring.

MUCH of the best stream-trout fishing is found in rivers which empty into Lake Superior. The Brule River, which flows north out of Wisconsin into Superior, is one of the nation's most famous trout rivers. Neighboring streams also present fine fishing. On the northern shore of Superior, in Minnesota's Arrowhead country, are many equally fine trout rivers, such as the Pigeon, Knife and Baptist. Next to the Brule, Wisconsin's most renowned trout stream is the Peshtigo in the northwestern part of the state, and additional good trout water in Minnesota is found around Bemidji.

The lake trout grows larger than any other fresh-water game fish. Although belonging to the same general family as the brook trout, he has entirely different habits. As the name indicates, the lake trout's entire life is spent in lakes, where it generally lives at considerable depth. In waters like Wisconsin's famed Apostle Islands, in Lake Superior, lake trout fishing in the summer is virtual deep-sea angling. Most big ones are caught in July or August by deep trolling or bait fishing. In some areas they are taken in the winter through the ice; and in the Spring, just after ice-out, good lake-trout fishing may be had in comparatively shallow water. Although lakere are found in many deep northern lakes in both states, the best fishing is in Superior itself. A person can expect reasonably good fishing out of any of the camps along the northern shore from Duluth to Pigeon River in Minnesota.

The giant muskies and lake trout are powerful attractions and thrilling fish to land, but it is the black

bass and the wall-eyed pike that produce sport for the thousands. One or the other is found in literally thousands of lakes and rivers in these two states. Strangely enough, the two species prefer water of similar character—clear with rock or sandy bottom—yet only in large bodies of water is there room for them to get along together. In smaller lakes, one or the other predominates.

It would be rash to make a statement as to where the best bass fishing can be found in this north country, but it is simple to mention areas where the fishermen can expect good bass fishing. A few such areas out of hundreds are: the shores of Wisconsin's Green Bay on Lake Michigan, and, in Minnesota, the lakes in the vicinity of Alexandria in the west-central part of the state and around Ely in the border lakes country.

Walleyes predominate in more waters than do bass. Some outstanding walleye fishing country in Wisconsin is found in the northwestern part—in Bayfield, Sawyer and Washburn Counties in such lakes as Eau Claire, Chippewa, Crane and Long. Also in the Land o' Lakes region in Vilas County, bordering Michigan, there is excellent walleye fishing.

In Minnesota, there are many fine wall-eyed pike lakes around Bemidji, Brainerd, Park Rapids, Grand Rapids, International Falls and Naskauk. The central part of the state is particularly productive of these fish.

The wall-eyed pike season opens on May fifteenth in both Minnesota and Wisconsin. The black bass season in Wisconsin opens on June twentieth, and in Minnesota there are two opening dates: May twenty-ninth for the southern zone and June twenty-first for the northern zone.

With such a variety of fine fishing in so beautiful a setting, it becomes obvious why these two states form the favorite playground of thousands of Americans. As beautiful as the summers are, they are comparatively short, and as far as the fisherman is concerned, the cream of the year is from May fifteenth to October first. Supposedly more fish per fisherman are caught during the month of June than at any other time. July and August, nevertheless, are the favorites with out-of-state fishermen, and it is safe to say that it would be hard to go wrong any time during the summer. As to the cost, a non-resident fishing license in either state costs only three dollars.

The fine fishing to be found in Minnesota and Wisconsin—and Michigan, too—can be attributed to bountiful Nature and not to the wisdom of man. These three states among them have roughly thirty thousand lakes, plus thousands of miles of streams and rivers, to say nothing of the Great Lakes themselves. Minnesota's fabulous waters flow off in

three directions in three great watersheds: the Red River north into the Arctic Ocean, the Great Lakes east into the Atlantic, and the Mississippi south into the Gulf of Mexico. Wisconsin is the source of only a little less water.

Within the memory of many men, all these millions of acres of water were as clear, cold and pure as the springs which fed them. The natural range of the eastern brook trout spread through the area into Minnesota. The Michigan grayling flourished in unbelievable numbers, and, of course, there were muskies, pike, lake trout, bass and walleyes by the millions. Then something happened—almost overnight, as time goes. It was a simple thing: the great white pine forests were discovered.

In the few short years it took to "de-wood" the North Woods, many waters became warm and choked with silt. The Michigan grayling vanished forever. The brook trout, as well, couldn't cope with the change and his range shrank farther and farther east. Once shaded brooks turned warm, and clear rivers turned to mud.

But among the greedy there luckily always are a few with foresight. There is a tough battle, but because of the efforts of such people, we have witnessed not a continued downhill trend but a definite improvement in wildlife conditions. The national and state forests are examples. Wisconsin's program to return useless and marginal farm land to wilderness areas has resulted in a vast improvement. The great white pine forests may never return as they once were, but much land left barren in their wake has since grown up in less merchantable timber—which is equally effective for conservation of soil, water and wildlife. As a result, many streams which went through a warm, silty stage once more support trout. Stocking has not only reintroduced the eastern brook trout but has brought in the brown and rainbow trout to hundreds of miles of streams.

Fishermen for years to come will be thankful to the men who planned and set aside the Roadless Area in the Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota. Here is a paradise for the countless thousands who want to enjoy this beautiful country in as near its natural splendor as possible.

By nature, man is a road-builder. The Romans did it and we still are doing it. Some day we'll have a road over every mountain and along every stream; then, when the wilderness is finally completely conquered and is well paved, how badly we'll want a bit of it back! The few remaining places where a soul can enjoy a moment's peace and solitude will be at a premium. The men in whose hands rest such programs as the Roadless Area are looking forward to just such a day. Even today there is plenty of pressure on them to open the area to roads, resorts, juke joints and general exploitation. Let's hope they have continued strength to look to the generations to come.



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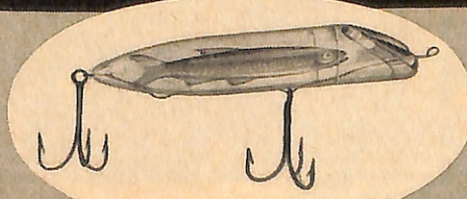
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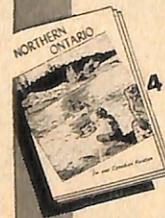
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Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 19)

More than 2,000,000 persons are estimated to have visited the Canyon by one form of transportation or another. It is still the Southwest's greatest drawing card, for the visitor never tires of the breath-taking grandeur, the immensity of it, and the changing colors. The geologists say that 20,000,000 years is a conservative estimate of the time it took the river to carve the canyon. Into the main canyon open many smaller and younger ones, each with its sandy bottom.

The most celebrated trail into the Grand Canyon is Bright Angel, which starts a little west of Bright Angel Lodge and descends between Maricopa and Grandeur Points to the Tonto Plateau and thence to the rocky banks of the Colorado River through the Granite Gorge. It is seven miles one way and the trip is usually made on mules. Those who have never ridden a mule before need have no fear for their security; mules are more sure-footed than most humans would be, on their own feet, under similar conditions of precipitous descent. People who are good walkers can easily negotiate the trail to the bottom of the Canyon, but they are generally warned not to attempt the climb back, for if the rigors of the climb do not exhaust them the combination of altitude and exertion probably would be dangerously overtaxing.

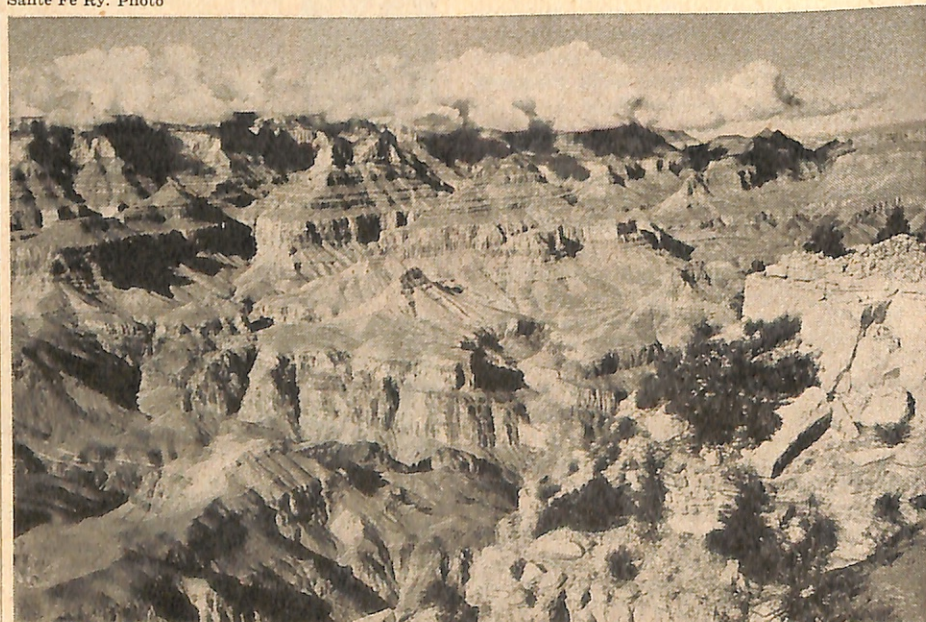
From Grand Canyon Lodge there is also a one-day muleback trip down the Kaibab Trail through Roaring Springs Canyon, following Bright Angel Creek and the Colorado to

Phantom Ranch. Trout fishing is good in Bright Angel Creek and Arizona fishing licenses may be had at the lodge. At El Tovar Hotel on the south rim and at Bright Angel Lodge and Cabins, muleback trips to Yavapai and Desert View points are offered. At the last named, overlooking the Painted Desert, is a reproduction of a prehistoric watchtower. Near El Tovar is a replica of a Hopi Indian pueblo. The Indians who live and work there are real Hopis, but Navajos occasionally are encountered. Eleven miles from El Tovar a suspension bridge crosses the Colorado River to Phantom Ranch and connects with the trail to the north rim.

Both the north and south rims of the Canyon (the south rim is open throughout the year) are always cool, but those who drive their own cars through the desert areas of Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada are cautioned that, unless they like places where the heat is intense, this country is not the kind to drive through in mid-summer months. Southern Nevada, for example, has a temperature often ranging above 100 degrees and sometimes up to 120 degrees in the daytime. There are places where motorists have to close their car windows and stifle rather than to leave them open and get blasts of air that seem to have come out of a blowtorch. In these days of air-conditioned cars, railroad travelers don't worry about such things.

What once was Bat Cave, in southeastern New Mexico, is rapidly becoming one of the major sightseeing

Sante Fe Ry. Photo



The Grand Canyon is a mile deep, but it's a seven mile trip by muleback to the bottom.

places in the Southwest. It is a popular stop for motorists bound for El Paso and for Mexico, and an excursion destination for the Santa Fe Railway. Now known as the Carlsbad Caverns National Park, the cave, or series of caves, is particularly unusual because of the immense size of some of the "rooms". The walk through them is a leisurely affair that, with the visit to the underground lunchroom, requires several hours for the round trip of seven miles. Only portions of the caves have been explored and charted. The principal feature of the trip is the "Big Room", which is literally of astounding proportions. It is more than three-fourths of a mile in length, with a maximum width of 625 feet and a maximum height of 300 feet. Some of the stalactites and stalagmites are among the largest ever found. Elevators are available for those who prefer them to entering and leaving by the conventional way.

The bats that have inhabited the cave since prehistoric times live in the daytime in vaults and galleries that are not often visited by tourists, and they leave each evening, en masse and almost on timetable schedule, returning in the early morning hours in group formation. They hibernate in the winter. The evening flight of the bats lasts for two hours and it darkens the sky like a trail of smoke.

The air in the caverns is at a uniform temperature of 56 degrees summer and winter. The underground dining room is 750 feet below the surface.

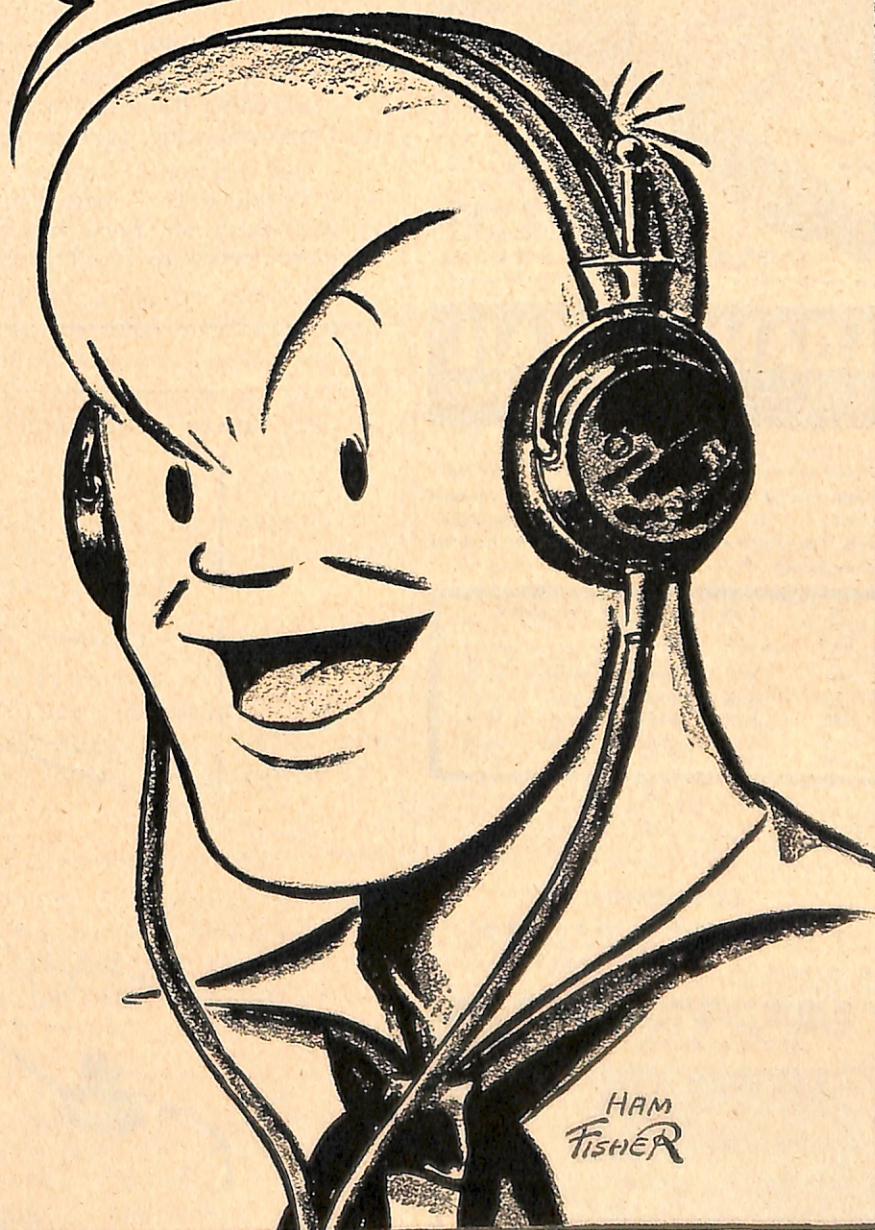
This will be Salt Lake City's centennial year and an appropriate time in which to see the glories of Utah, although the citizens of that State are being encouraged to hold more or less local celebrations because the housing shortage precludes any large-scale observance that would bring in too many thousands from other parts of the country. Salt Lake City was founded July 24, 1847, by the Mormons under Brigham Young. They found the soil in the Great Salt Lake valley exceptionally fertile but lacking in water, so they dammed a creek that used to flow through what is now Salt Lake City, and thereby became the fathers of ir-

TRAVEL HELPS

If you want more information about the Grand Canyon and Carlsbad Caverns, or about travel arrangements to and from the 1947 Convention at Portland, Oregon, we've got it. Drop a note to our Travel Department, telling us *exactly* what you need, and we'll send it to you.

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rigation as it is now known in this country.

Great Salt Lake, which now has an average length of 75 miles and an average width of 35, is only 20 to 50 feet deep; once it was an inland ocean that was 900 feet deep where Salt Lake City now stands. The salt content varies from 15 to 28 per cent and this density makes it impossible for the human body to sink in it. Swimming and boating are popular, but swimmers unaccustomed to the salt find it painful to eyes, nose and throat. On one of the islands there is a small herd of buffalo.

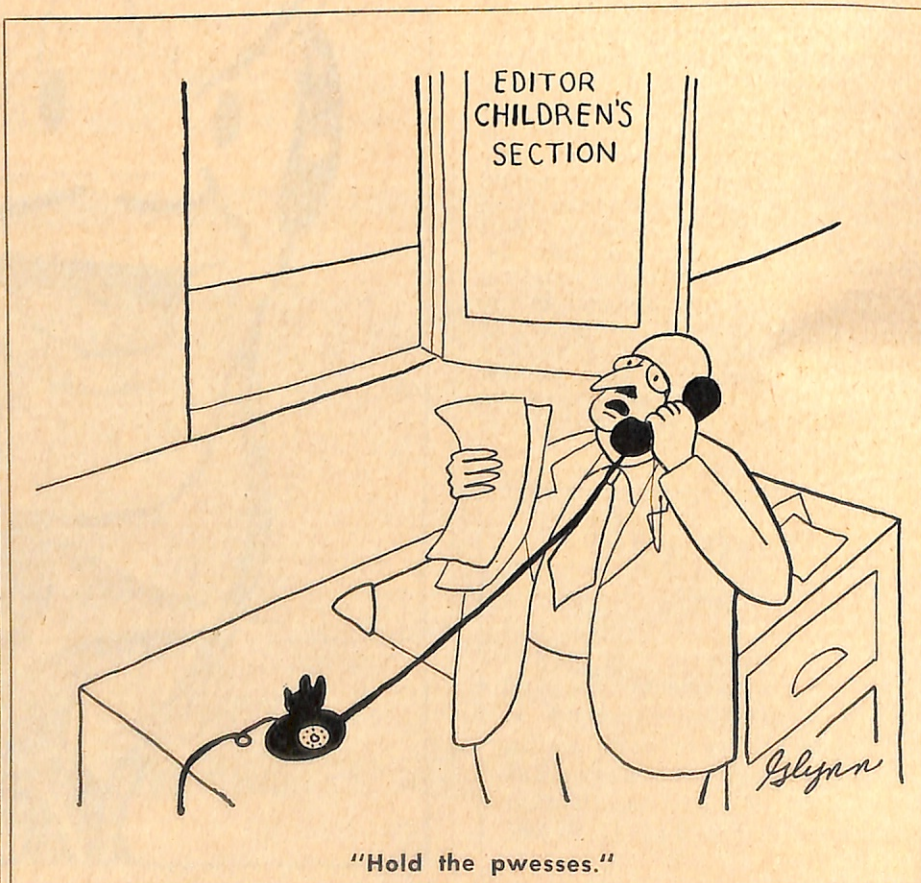
To most tourists the Mormon Tabernacle is the most impressive attraction in Salt Lake City. Under its great domed roof, largest of its kind in the world, it seats 8,000. It also has one of the largest unsupported arches in the world and an organ containing more than 7,000 pipes, erected in the 1860's and several times rebuilt. The acoustics of the building are so remarkable that the occupant of the most distant seat can hear a pin drop at the organ. The Tabernacle is not to be confused with the nearby Mormon Temple; only Mormons can enter the Temple.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S SPECIAL

Just as we go to press, word reaches us that "The Grand Exalted Ruler's Special", designated by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton as the train for the Official Grand Lodge family, will leave Chicago on July 8 at 11 P.M. Central Standard Time.

Departure will be from Chicago's Union Station and the special train will be operated over the lines of the Burlington and Northern Pacific Railways, arriving at Portland, after breakfast, on Friday morning, July 11.

Details of the itinerary and actual schedule of the train are now in preparation. For a copy of this itinerary and other information, please write to the Travel Department of *The Elks Magazine*.



"Hold the pwesses."

Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 4)

licenses under the Trading with the Enemy Act would no longer be needed.



Businessmen traveling abroad apparently are finding one way to make their job easier. Where before the war all passenger travel was by ship, more than a third of the travel from the United States to Europe and the Mediterranean is now by air.



A sidelight on air travel: American businessmen whose communities are considering installation of airports are advised by the Department of Commerce that during the three years, 1938, 1939 and 1940, more airports reported losses than reported profits.



The wisdom of the removal of all export controls on broad-woven cotton textiles will be demonstrated during the next few months. In announcing the de-control move, Office of International Trade officials took the stand that the increasing world supply of cotton piece goods and shirts would actually operate to lessen foreign demands on U. S. textile production.



Representatives of American industry will be on hand when the South American Petroleum Congress convenes at Lima, Peru. The Congress will focus attention on South America's rapidly-expanding petroleum industry, with Colombia, Venezuela, Chile and the Argentine among the participating nations.

A new market for gas cooking stoves, gas refrigerators, and gas water heaters already is being opened in Colombia, where a new company is preparing to distribute liquefied petroleum gas for the first time.



Since little of Argentina's coal comes from the United States, the change-over will have small effect on United States exports and transfers of goods and services. These are expected to total \$16,200,000 this year, an increase of \$900,000,000 over 1946.



Americans are not losing their ingenuity as inventors. The Patent Office now has a backlog of some 130,481 patent applications, 7,779 design applications and 12,451 trade mark applications. It is selling copies of patents at the rate of more than 14,500,000 a year.



Side-light on the housing shortage: American silver-makers say they will not really hit their postwar stride until more brides have more houses to move into--and more tables to put silver on. That should encourage the Congressional silver bloc to get behind the housing program.



By car, bus, rail or plane—come and invade the romance and deep beauty of the Black Hills—loftiest mountain playland East of the Rockies. Get into the hearty Western tempo—heritage of frontier life and Gold Rush Days. . . . FUN is great in the Black Hills. Mountain streams are lush with trout—cool lakes cupped in pine and rugged peaks invite boating, swimming, more fishing. Petrified forests, crystalline caves, healing springs offer their enchantment. And climaxing all is Gutzon Borglum's Shrine of Democracy on Mt. Rushmore. See the nearby Big Badlands too, eerie fossil world—vast, colorful!

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My Sister and a Snake

(Continued from page 10)

ley," I said. "I like it fine. I just thought it wouldn't do any harm—" "Joe!" Mr. Rumley said.

"We shouldn't have brought him," my sister said. "I could have told you what it would be like."

That made me mad. So I said, "I suppose you want me to walk back. I suppose I'm just in your way. Well, I don't want to be any trouble to anybody so if you'll just stop the car I'll get out and—"

Mr. Rumley shifted into second for the grade. It was a terrible shift, all jerks and clashing gears. "Let's talk about something else," he said. Madge started to talk about the view.

It was a very silly thing to watch and listen to. Every time we came around a curve she made little squeals, as if she was seeing the sights for the first time, when the truth was she'd been here two or three times a year ever since she was born. She'd wave her hands, and touch Mr. Rumley's shoulder, and say, "Oh, Virgil, isn't that simply lovely?" I thought it would make him sick, the way it did me. But he seemed to like it, which must have been because he was sweet on her and was of a mind to like anything she did. So I kept still. I knew that practically anything I said would make her mad. There's times when all you can do about a woman is leave her alone.

We came to the end of the road at last and got out. Mr. Rumley stretched himself. "My, this is fine," he said.

"It's beautiful, Virgil," my sister said softly in her movie voice. "So beautiful!" She put her hand over her heart, like she had a pain. I knew she didn't have a pain, but I sure did. Right in the neck.

"Beautiful!" Mr. Rumley said. And there they were, staring at each other again in that vacant way.

"I love it here, Virgil. I love it more than I can say."

"I love it too, Madge." Mr. Rumley's face had gone real red, and he seemed to be breathing hard. He was clenching and unclenching his hands, like a boxer getting set to step a few rounds.

I said, "Why don't you go into a clinch?"

Mr. Rumley jumped. "What did you say, Joe?"

My sister was real red too now. That was especially true of her nose, which was kind of naturally pink anyway. She was always dabbing powder on it.

"He didn't say anything," my sister said quickly. "You didn't, did you, Joe?"

There was no mistaking her tone. And, after all, we were here for a good time and nobody wanted trouble. "No," I said. "I must have choked."

My sister gave me a no-such-luck

stare. Then she smiled at Mr. Rumley. "Let's take a walk, Virgil. The car and the lunch will be all right here. Joe can keep an eye on things."

"Fine, Madge, fine," he said. "Of course, if Joe wants to come with us I'm sure everything will be perfectly safe."

"Nope," I said. "I'll fool around here."

"That's fine, Joe," my sister said. "After all, a pleasant outing is one where everyone does just what he wants to do. So suit yourself, Joe, and if you'd rather stay here than come with us it's quite all right."

"Okay," I said. "There's no argument. I said I'd stay around here."

I watched her and Mr. Rumley walk down a path into the woods. She was mighty awkward today. The path was smooth and not at all steep and she was wearing flat-heeled shoes, but she stumbled twice while I was watching. Each time, Mr. Rumley grabbed her arm. I thought that anybody who'd fall on that path deserved to. I'd have let her fall on her face.

After they'd gone I wandered around for a while. I went into the cave that some people said had been dug by Indians. But it wasn't very interesting—just a big dirt hole with the remains of fires that had been built by picnic parties. I looked for snakes but I didn't have any luck—the good place was 'way down in the canyon. I read some more of Mr. Ditmar's snake book and tried to pretend I was a famous snake-hunter looking for a Fer-de-Lance in a Central American jungle where no white man had ever been before. I had on my helmet and short pants and all, but it still wasn't much fun. When you get older, pretending becomes flat. It's all right when you're young.

After a while I got hungry. I put the book back in the car and walked down the path into the woods. I nearly caught a young squirrel, but not quite. I did catch a lizard but he was too small to be interesting and I let him go. I fell down in a wet place and got my pants dirty. Then I came to a little clearing, and there were Mr. Rumley and my sister.

They were sitting on a fallen log beside a little stream. Mr. Rumley was dropping leaves into the water and watching them float away. He had that vacant look on his face. My sister was just looking at Mr. Rumley. She was all misty in the eyes. I had to admit she'd got that look down pat.

"It's wonderful, Virgil," she was saying when I came along. I looked around but I couldn't see anything wonderful anywhere. It was just an ordinary clearing in the woods, and the stream was hardly bigger than you'd get out of a fire hydrant.

"There's nothing like Nature," Mr. Rumley said.

"It makes you feel—well, I just can't describe it," my sister said.

"No, you can't describe it," Mr. Rumley said.

This is what they were actually saying!

Finally she put her hand on his knee and he kind of twitched. But she didn't seem to notice it. She said, "Look, Virgil," and pointed with the other hand.

I looked too, but I didn't see anything. "What?" Mr. Rumley said.

"It's gone," Madge said. "I don't know what it was. A little animal, I guess."

"Oh," Mr. Rumley said, looking down at her hand, which was still on his knee. He twitched again.

"Madge," he said after a minute. His voice was sort of strangled, as if there was a tight rope around his neck. "Madge—" He stopped.

"Yes?" she whispered. "Yes, Virgil?"

"Well, Madge—" He stopped again.

She was awfully close to him now. She was practically in his lap. She said, "Go on, Virgil." It reminded me of a catcher working on a pitcher who was having trouble with the signals.

He made a kind of gurgling sound in his throat. Then he leaned slowly away from Madge, and I saw that no one was getting anywhere. I thought of all that chicken. You can say one thing for Madge, she's a good cook. I could smell and taste that chicken, and there was a cake too. Madge makes a mighty fine cake when she wants to, and she'd gone to extra pains over this one.

So I said, "Anybody thinking of eating? It's getting sort of late."

Mr. Rumley jumped up like a man who'd sat down on one of those buzzer gadgets. "Joe!" he said. "Oh, hello, Joe." I couldn't think of any reason why he should be surprised to see me. He certainly knew I'd come along. Then he cleared his throat and nodded his head. "A good idea," he said. "Lunch. Come to think of it, I'm pretty hungry myself and you must be too, Madge. Let's all go back and have lunch."

Madge didn't say anything. She just looked at me. She looked at me for a long time, and then she said, "Very well, we'll have lunch." She wasn't using her movie voice now. I guess she'd forgotten about it. Her voice just sounded tired.

Anyway, it was a fine lunch. I don't think I ever had better chicken. Mr. Rumley said the same thing. "I don't know how you do it, Madge," he said. "There isn't one girl in a thousand who could cook a lunch like that and be all ready to go at nine o'clock in the morning."

"They could do it if they started at five like she did, Mr. Rumley," I said.

"Joe!" my sister said. "It's really no work at all, Virgil. It's just—oh, practice, and maybe a sort of knack. I sometimes think that too many girls these days don't bother to learn cooking. I'm afraid they don't enjoy

it. There's nothing I like better than preparing a really nice meal."

That was a beauty. I had to laugh. "Tell Mother that," I said. "I remember once last week when she asked you to make the salad, and you'd of thought she was sending you to the salt mines in Siberia. Why—"

"Joe!" she said again. I knew I hadn't heard the last of it, which proves that telling the truth isn't always a good idea. She looked at Mr. Rumley, all smiles. "And what would you like to do now, Virgil?" she asked.

"If I had my way," I said, "we'd go down to the bottom of the canyon and look around and maybe we'd find some interesting, educational, scientific—"

It was Mr. Rumley who said the "Joe!" this time. "Remember our agreement, Joe," he added.

The agreement had been all one-sided so far as I was concerned, but there was no use in pointing that out. I might just as well have stayed home, I thought. But then, the chicken and cake had been all right.

"Whatever you want to do, Madge," he said.

She clasped her hands together, and I kind of remembered that the dramatic coach had had her do that in the senior play she'd been in. "Well, Virgil," she said, "it would be awfully nice if we sat by that lovely little brook and you read to me. Like you did the other evening at home. Did you bring your Wordsworth, Virgil? I don't think I ever understood or really appreciated Wordsworth until you started reading him to me."

"It might be in the car," Mr. Rumley said, looking bashful.

"Poetry," I said. "Wordsworth. You can read that stuff anywhere. Now there ought to be something more interesting and educational—"

She gave me the look and I shut up again. Mr. Rumley went to the car and came back with Wordsworth.

"It was there, Madge," he said. "Just luck."

Just luck!

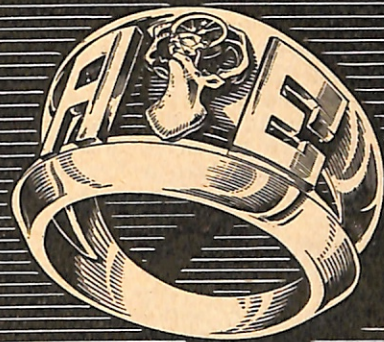
"I'm so glad, Virgil," Madge said. "That little glade is just made for poetry—the way you read it."

So off they went, leaving me with nothing to do. I looked around and found a few more lizards, but they were all small and commonplace and I didn't bother to catch them. I went back into the woods and came on a little pool and searched it for frogs. There was one big one but he got away from me. I caught a couple of small ones and let them go. I didn't see any snakes, not even little ones. Not until I reached the grassy opening between the trees, I didn't.

I walked into the opening, sort of kicking at clumps of grass as I went. All of a sudden this snake came out between my feet like a shot. I knew right then he was the biggest and prettiest grass snake I'd ever seen. He was over four feet long and half as thick as my wrist in the middle. He looked like he was made up of all the colors in the rainbow, and his

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tongue darted in and out like lightning.

I could have lost that snake mighty easy. An amateur, now, would have run after him and the chances are fifty-to-one he'd never have caught him. I just stood dead still and watched. I saw him stop in a deep clump of grass, with only a bit of his tail left showing.

I went the other way, moving very slowly. I cut a branch and made me a snake-catching stick with a little V at the end. I was shaking so much it was hard to use the knife. It would be a great thing to catch a giant snake like that, and a terrible thing to lose him.

Well, he didn't give me any trouble. He was still there when I went back, and I sneaked up on him without making a sound or disturbing anything. I drove the stick down hard so the V hooked him a few inches down from his head and there he was.

I let him thrash around for a while until he got tired. Then I picked him up, keeping a good tight hold on his neck, and let him curl around my arm. I knew I had the biggest grass snake anybody had ever caught in our part of the world, and this was one snake I had to take home. He was a record snake, and even my mother and sister would have to let me keep a record snake. The lunch box would be just the thing to take him back in.

I went after it, and just as I reached the place where we'd eaten,

Mr. Rumley and my sister came down the path. He was carrying Wordsworth, and she had her hat in her hand, and they both looked kind of disappointed. She looked more disappointed than he did, though.

But I had more important things on my mind than that. I was so excited about my snake that I forgot how my sister felt, and how Mr. Rumley had said we were not even to mention snakes, much less catch them. I ran up to him and said, "Mr. Rumley! Look here at this old record snake I just caught!"

They both turned and looked, and there I was with the snake all coiled around my arm and his tongue shooting in and out like fury.

You never heard anyone scream as loud as my sister did then, or see anyone move as fast. She took off like a jet airplane, right for Mr. Rumley. It's a wonder she didn't knock him flat. Anyway, she got her arms around him in a grip any wrestler would be proud of. "Virgil! Oh, Virgil!"

He got the funniest look on his face then—like someone had emptied a bucket of water on him from an upstairs window. Then he put his arms around my sister, sort of carefully at first as if he was scared she'd break. "Madge!" he said. "Madge, dear!" And in a second they were in as fine a clinch as you could see anywhere.

They weren't paying any attention to me now, and I sneaked away and put my snake in the empty lunch

box, and tied it up good with a piece of rope I always carry in my pocket for emergencies. I put the box in the car and threw a blanket over it.

By the time that was finished, they came on to the car themselves, still not paying any attention to me. They were walking with their arms around each other. My sister's lipstick was smeared all over, and most of it had come off on Mr. Rumley.

"I've been wanting to ask you for so long," Mr. Rumley was saying. "Only—I just didn't seem to know how to go about it. Not until now. I guess I was pretty silly."

"It's beautiful, Virgil, so beautiful," Madge said. Honest she did.

They didn't say a word to me about the snake or anything else. Going home, Madge kept her head on his shoulder all the way, and he didn't edge over to the left either. And for the last part of the ride he put his arm around her. That is a very dangerous thing to do when driving, as she would have told anyone else. But she didn't seem to mind it now.

Well, we got home at last, making very poor time, and Madge told Mother and Father while Mr. Rumley stood around looking foolish. And Mother cried and kissed them both, and Father kissed Madge and shook hands with Mr. Rumley and said, "Splendid, splendid."

While all this was going on it seemed like a good time for me to get my record snake out of the lunch box. I picked the box up and was just starting off, moving very quietly, when Mother saw me. "Joe," she said, "what have you got tied up inside of that box?"

Well, there was no hope then. "A snake," I said. "But it's the biggest grass snake anybody ever caught around here and it's scientific and educational and I was only trying—"

"Joe," my mother said, "take that snake down the block to the empty lot and let it out. You know how your sister feels about snakes, even if you don't consider me. You've certainly had enough warnings."

"But—" I began and she cut me off. "You heard me, Joe. Clear down the block to the empty lot."

My sister said, "Wait a minute," and I thought: Here comes her nickel's worth. You could have knocked me over with a breath when she said, "You know, maybe we've been a little too hard on Joe and his snakes. After all, the kind he catches are really harmless. Perhaps it makes a worthwhile hobby for a boy. Joe, let me see that snake."

Well, there's no use trying to understand a woman. I untied the box and took the snake out. My sister looked at him a while, and then she touched his back. She jerked her hand away, then touched his back once more.

"I think we should let Joe keep his snake if he'll build a proper pen for it," she said. "And, Virgil, I want you to tell me about snakes. I think it would be interesting. Honestly I do, Virgil."



News of the Order



**ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS
NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION**

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

**THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S
"CLASS FOR PEACE"**

EDITORIAL

Pleasure is reflected on everyone's face as E.R. Monte Forney presents the deed to the \$8,000 home shown in the background to World War II veteran Robert L. Kiesling and his family. The home is the gift of Havre, Mont., Lodge to this veteran who lost his sight and his right hand in an explosion during the invasion of France.

Activities Sponsored by the Elks National VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

1

E.R. Paul A. Glover cuts the cake at the formal dedication of the new \$20,000 dining room of East Point, Ga., Lodge to war veteran members of the lodge as some of the former servicemen and other East Point Elks watch the operation.



1. EAST POINT, GA.

2

Convalescent servicemen are pictured during a party given for them by the Tennessee State Elks Association at Kennedy Veterans Hospital in Memphis.



2. TENNESSEE STATE ELKS ASSN.

3

A committee of Ventura, Calif., Elks and city officials welcomes Sgt. Jack Kerr, veteran of 23 parachute jumps, on the opening of that part of the lodge home which has been turned over to the Army Recruiting Service for its use.

4

This fine group of nearly 90 World War II veterans was honored at a recent Hagerstown, Md., Lodge banquet.

5

P.D.D. Ralph C. Benedum addresses the gathering of over 100 former servicemen who attended the dinner held for them by East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge.

6

World War II servicemen of Paterson, N.J., Lodge are pictured as they were about to enjoy the testimonial dinner given in their honor by Paterson Lodge.



3. VENTURA, CALIF.



4. HAGERSTOWN, MD.



5. EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO

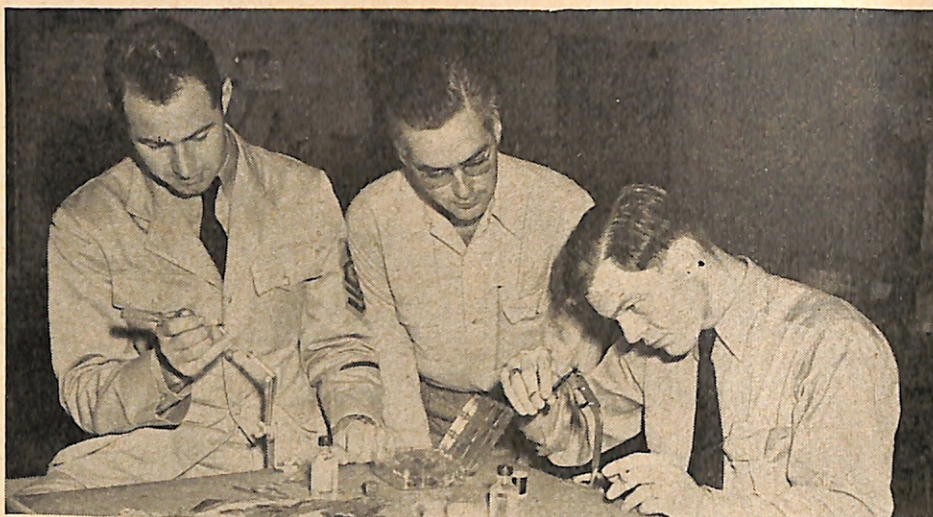


6. PATERSON, N. J.

Russell Zite Photograph

1

Keith Petch, center, a member of Ontario, Calif., Lodge, has been co-operating with the Veterans Service Committee of the California State Elks Association by devoting much of his time to teaching fly-tying to convalescing patients at the Navy Hospital at Corona.



1. CALIFORNIA ELKS ASSN.

2

Officials of Canton, Ohio, Lodge are pictured with an Army Recruiting Officer at the pylon erected by the lodge in the public square of the city as the Elks' part in the Peacetime Army Recruiting Program. The pylon is illuminated at night. Each member of Canton Lodge has received a personal letter enclosing a pamphlet and return card on which the names of prospective Peacetime Army recruits can be listed.



2. CANTON, OHIO

3

Some of the 110 former servicemen who were honored at a banquet given for them recently by the grateful members of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge.



3. FORT WAYNE, IND.

4

Members of Newark, N.Y., Lodge are photographed with the 103 World War II veterans to whom they paid tribute at a fine reception and dinner.



4. NEWARK, N. Y.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

The charter of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan which was taken out in Wisconsin in 1925 was ordered revoked by Circuit Judge Herman W. Sachjen after a hearing lasting less than half an hour. The revocation was taken on motion of Asst. Attorney General Wm. E. Torkelson and the Attorney General's office which was acting at the request of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton. No one appeared for the defendant organization.

The judgment dissolves the organization in Wisconsin and prevents it from any further activity should an attempt be made to revive it.

Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, paid a visit to the home of **DANVILLE, ILL., LODGE, NO. 332**, on Feb. 26th, and witnessed the initiation of No. 332's "Class for Peace" at a meeting attended by many dignitaries of the Order.

BENTON HARBOR, MICH., LODGE, NO. 544, was visited by the Grand Exalted Ruler on March 3rd, and he then continued on to **ST. JOSEPH, MICH., LODGE, NO. 541**, where he was a luncheon guest on March 4th. A meeting that evening at the home of **NILES, MICH., LODGE, NO. 1322**, included a banquet at the Four Flags Hotel which was attended by Michigan State Elks Assn. officers and many civic officials.

The following day the Grand Exalted Ruler had a luncheon meeting with 200 members at the home of **KALAMAZOO, MICH., LODGE, NO. 50**. He was officially welcomed by John T. Hickmott, Vice-Pres.-at-Large of the Mich. State Elks Assn., and formerly a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and officers of the lodge. Dignitaries of the Order who were on hand included Benjamin F. Watson, a member of the Grand Forum; Frank A. Small, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight John K. Burch, and many State Association officers, headed by Pres. Leland Hamilton. An evening meeting with members of **IONIA, MICH., LODGE, NO. 548**, finished the day.

Mr. Broughton's noon meeting on March 6th with **GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., LODGE, NO. 48**, was highlighted by the presentation of an ambulance by the Michigan Elks Assn. to the Veterans

Facility there. Mr. Broughton spoke on this occasion. Messrs. Burch and Hamilton were present.

The official party, which included Mr. Burch and Mr. Small, then journeyed to the home of **OWOSSO, MICH., LODGE, NO. 753**, for a night meeting, and the following day the members of **TOLEDO, OHIO, LODGE, NO. 53**, greeted the Order's leader who was interviewed in his Commodore Perry Hotel suite by a reporter from the *Toledo Times* before he addressed a meeting of the lodge at which No. 53's Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace" was initiated. One of the 75 candidates was the son of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Edward J. McCormick, Jr., who is the third generation of his family to be a member of the Order. Dr. McCormick was present at this event.

On Saturday, March 8th, Mr. Broughton and his party motored to the home of **FINDLAY, OHIO, LODGE, NO. 75**, for a short meeting and then drove to Lima for luncheon and an inspection of the beautiful new home of **LIMA LODGE NO. 54**. He was met at the county line by an escort from the Sheriff's office and the State Highway Patrol, and at the city limits by the City Police Dept. escort and a delegation of members. Several hundred local and visiting Elks from Kenton, Findlay, Wapakoneta, Van Wert, Sidney, Troy, Bowling Green and Napoleon Lodges were present, as well as such dignitaries as State Assn. Secy. E. Gene Fournace, Mayor Wm. Ferguson, Chief of Police Kermit Westbay, County Sheriff Ray Dailey, Court of Appeals Judges Walter S. Jackson, Wm. Guernsey and Geo. S. Middleton, Common Pleas Court Judge Moran B. Jenkins and Municipal Court Judge James B. Steiner.

Lima Lodge presented a pair of Lima-made woolen blankets to Mr. and Mrs. Broughton. After paying a brief visit to No. 54's temporary quarters, the Grand Exalted Ruler boarded a train for Chicago.

March 9th found Mr. Broughton and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson and Warner at the home of **AURORA, ILL., LODGE, NO. 705**, where the Ill. Northeast District Meeting was held. More than 800 Elks and their ladies heard the Grand Exalted Ruler's moving address at this important event.

The 76th Anniversary of **PHILADELPHIA, PA., LODGE, NO. 2**, on March 14th, honoring its retiring Exalted Ruler, Arthur A. Bernstein, turned out to be one of the biggest events in the history of No. 2. A few of the celebrities who were on hand, besides the Order's leader and many civic leaders and professional men, were F. J. Schrader, Assistant to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, a member of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge; George I. Hall, Vice-Chairman and Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Lee Donaldson, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. and former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, who was accompanied by several other State Association officers, including Secretary William S. Gould.

P.E.R. Richard White dispatched his duties as Toastmaster with notable aplomb, and Mayor Bernard Samuel gave a stirring address of welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler on behalf of the City of Brotherly Love.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow introduced Mr. Broughton to the more than 400 Elks who were present, and at the conclusion of his remarks presented to Mr. Broughton, on behalf of No. 2, a token of appreciation.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's splendid speech left a deep impression on his audience. He emphasized the importance of the work of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission and pledged that the Order of Elks will never forget its obligation to help sick and disabled veterans, nor will it cease its fight against communism, klanism and all foreign isms contrary to the American way of life.

The climax of the evening was reached when Mr. Grakelow expressed the gratitude of No. 2 to its retiring Exalted Ruler who responded with a few well-chosen remarks.

The Hyperion String Ensemble offered delightful dinner music during the banquet which was enjoyed by every one of hundreds of guests.

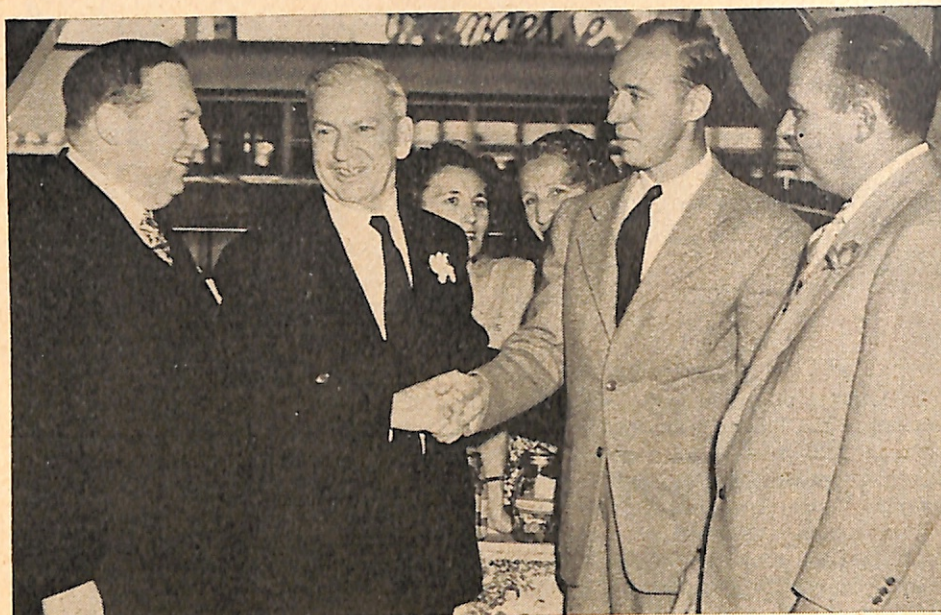
Another big lodge event attended by the Grand Exalted Ruler was the 20th Anniversary celebration of **ELMHURST, ILL., LODGE, NO. 1531**, on March 20th.

Mr. Broughton's trip through these States impressed him with the fine condition of those lodges he visited.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

1

When Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton visited Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge, he was photographed, second from left, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, left, E.R. J. P. Wendler and Mayor Herbert A. Frink, right.



1. MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

2

The Grand Exalted Ruler second from left, first row, is pictured with a group of Massachusetts Elk dignitaries, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan and Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, at the home of Webster, Mass., Lodge.



2. WEBSTER, MASS.

3

C. E. Broughton, Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz, third, fifth and sixth from left respectively, were photographed with Florida Elks on the Grand Exalted Ruler's official visitation to Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge.

4

E.R. Walter Wigman of Coral Gables, Florida, Lodge, welcomes Mr. Broughton as Florida Elk officials look on, including D.D. J. Alex Arnette, Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight Chelsie Senerchia, Mr. Sholtz and Arthur O'Hay.

5

Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson, left, and Henry C. Warner, right, stand by as Mr. Broughton is greeted by E.R. J. Emil Brunnemeyer of Aurora, Ill., Lodge, when the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a meeting of the Illinois Northeast District Elks there.



3. FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

6

Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton exchanges greetings with E.R. Donald Frisinger of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge in the presence of other Elk dignitaries, including Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight John K. Burch; Benjamin F. Watson, a member of the Grand Forum; Frank A. Small, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and many State Assn. officials headed by Pres. Leland Hamilton.

7

Mr. Sholtz and Mr. Broughton are photographed with visiting dignitaries, officers of the new Elks lodge at Belle Glade, Fla., and the crack Ritualistic Team of Pahokee Lodge when the new branch of the Order was instituted.



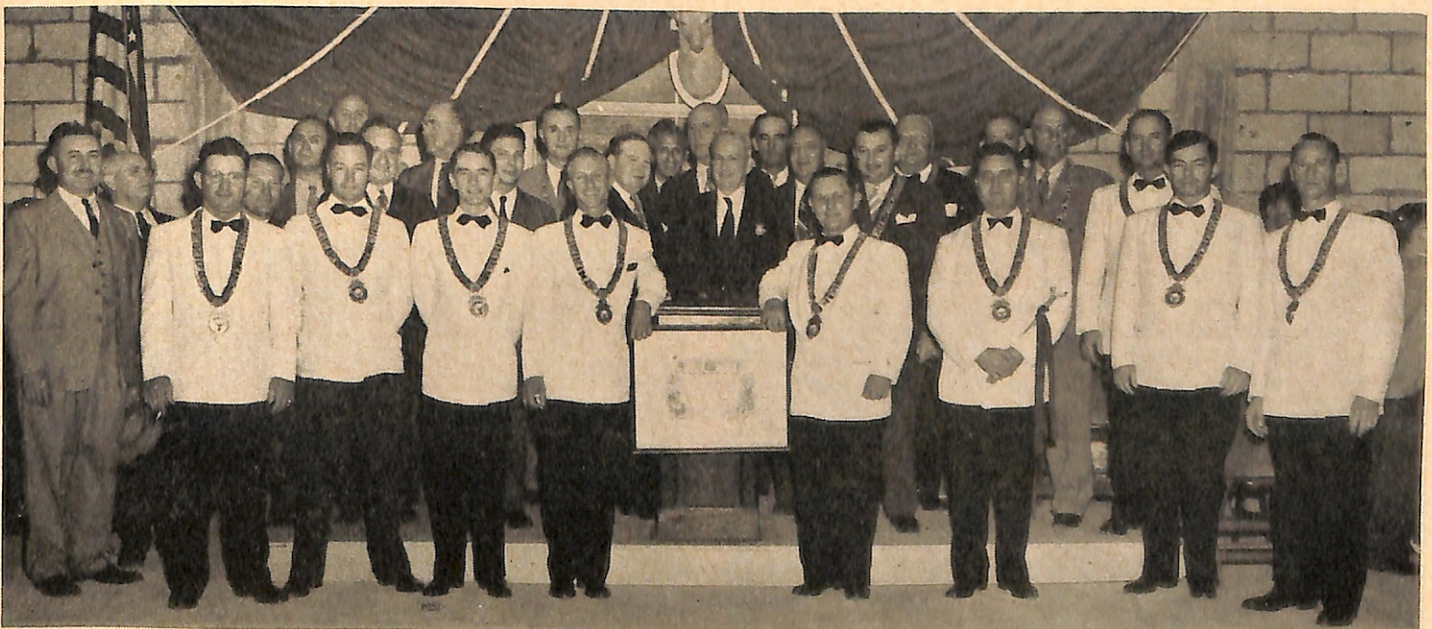
4. CORAL GABLES, FLA.



5. AURORA, ILL.



6. KALAMAZOO, MICH.



7. BELLE GLADE, FLA.

News of the SUBORDINATE LODGES

PEABODY, MASS., Lodge, No. 1409, found out that the J. B. Thomas Hospital was greatly in need of a basal metabolism machine. In order to help that institution keep its reputation for being one of the best equipped hospitals in the State, the local Elks took action immediately and purchased the Jones Motor Basal at an approximate cost of \$400. Shortly after the machine was secured, the Peabody Elks, through E.R. Edward Tobin, made the presentation to Supt. Thomas W. Connolly who accepted it on behalf of the Hospital.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Lodge, No. 99, had a grand total of 5,575 members, as of the end of February. Since January, 1946, 1,465 men became members of No. 99 and the induction of a class of 135 candidates during February put the lodge in first place in number.

At a recent lodge session the Los Angeles Elks emptied their pockets to the tune of \$1,000 as a contribution to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Roosevelt dimes collected from the audience were made into a huge placard spelling out "B.P.O. Elks '99'" which was presented to Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, P.E.R. of Santa Monica Lodge, chairman of the local March of Dimes campaign.

"Circus Night" at Los Angeles Lodge was a great success this year. Nearly the entire membership turned out to watch the 15 exciting acts put on by clowns, ponies, trapeze artists who invaded the enormous lodge room. Success of the evening is no doubt due to the fact that some of the Nation's greatest circus showmen were members of the committee for the affair.

SAGINAW, MICH., Lodge, No. 47, cooperated with the American Red Cross in making it possible for wounded veterans at Percy Jones Hospital from various Michigan districts to spend the Christmas Holidays with their families. Although it may be a little late to report this activity, that sort of story makes news any time. Nearly 30 Saginaw area fliers volunteered their time and the use of their planes to fly home all wounded veterans who could be transported from Battle Creek. The Red Cross arranged furloughs for these men and the Saginaw Elks came through with the wherewithal for the trips.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., Lodge, No. 380, sent a delegation of 27 members to the home of Texarkana Lodge No. 399 not long ago in a chartered bus. The trip culminated in an enjoyable meeting of Texarkana Lodge at which the Hot Springs Elks took over the initiatory work. D.D. John P. Faye and several officers of the Ark. State Elks Assn. took part, including Pres. W. H. Laubach, Vice-Pres.-at-Large Ish C. Beam, Secretary J. B. Freese and Chaplain Walter M. Ebel.

The Hot Springs Elks are doing all they can to aid veterans in the Army-Navy Hospital. Maj. McGregor Snodgrass, P.E.R. and Chairman of the lodge's Veterans Service Committee, announced recently that the Committee had purchased six bed looms, 300 hooks for fly-tying and nine special leather pouches for the Occupational Therapy Dept. of the Hospital. With Spring here, the Committee realized the need for fishing and baseball equipment for the boys. These items, so essential to enjoying the Great Outdoors, have been sent to the recreation center of the Hospital which has been established at the head of Lake Hamilton.

SEMINOLE, OKLA., Lodge, No. 1660, got together with the Veterans of Foreign Wars and shared equally in the purchase of a \$1,316 artificial lung, which was presented to the community and housed at the fire station for emergency.

It was the consensus of opinion, shortly after the purchase of the life-saving device, that it had more than paid for itself when it came out the victor in its first test on the new-born son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arbuckle. Firemen first took the now-obsolete resuscitator to the hospital, but an hour's treatment failed to help the child breathe. The new apparatus was then brought in, and in five minutes the baby had reacted favorably and was breathing normally.

The Seminole Elks are right on the job whenever it comes to a community project—lighthearted ones, too. When the local football fans wanted the high school band to go along on the trip to McAlester for the district-deciding game there between Seminole and McAlester, the Elks came across with the fare for the 70 members of the band.

1
"Ringmaster" Judge Arthur Guerin, Exalted Ruler of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, confers with clowns during the lodge's annual "Circus Night", one of the really terrific hits of the year.

2
Supt. Thomas Connolly of the J. B. Thomas Hospital, left, receives from E.R. Edward Tobin, right, Peabody, Mass., Lodge's check for the basal metabolism machine shown here, as other Elk officials watch approvingly.

3
D.D. Edward W. Ladd, seated center, is pictured with officials of Ridge-wood, N. J., Lodge when he made his homecoming visit there to be greeted by more than three hundred members.

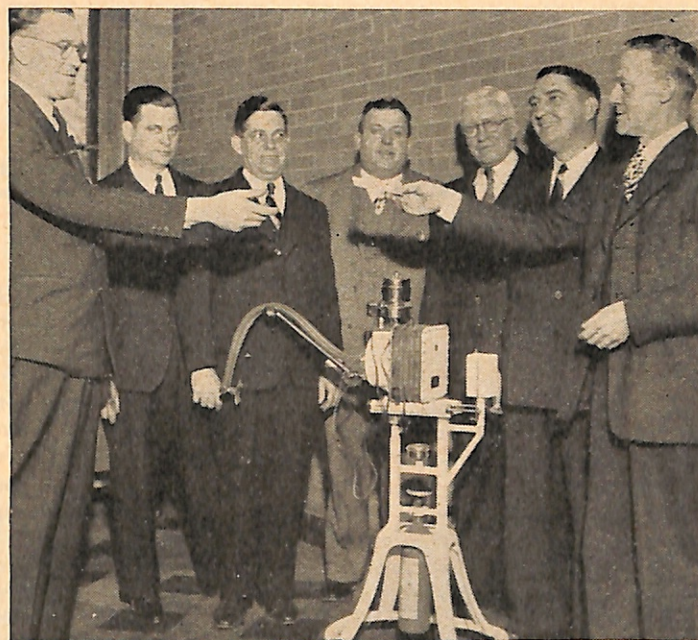
4
Members of Post 2050 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and Seminole, Okla., Lodge of Elks are pictured with Fire Chief Jack Gale and Mayor Noel Summers when they presented their gift of an artificial lung to their city.

5
E.R. Walton V. B. Howe holds Gardner, Mass., Lodge's check for \$8,066.50, part of the \$10,000 the Elks turned over to the Hospital Cottages for Crippled Children in Baldwinsville.

6
Supt. Regina Kaplan of the Leo N. Levi Hospital inspects the resuscitator which was donated to the hospital by members of Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge as Elk and hospital officials look on.



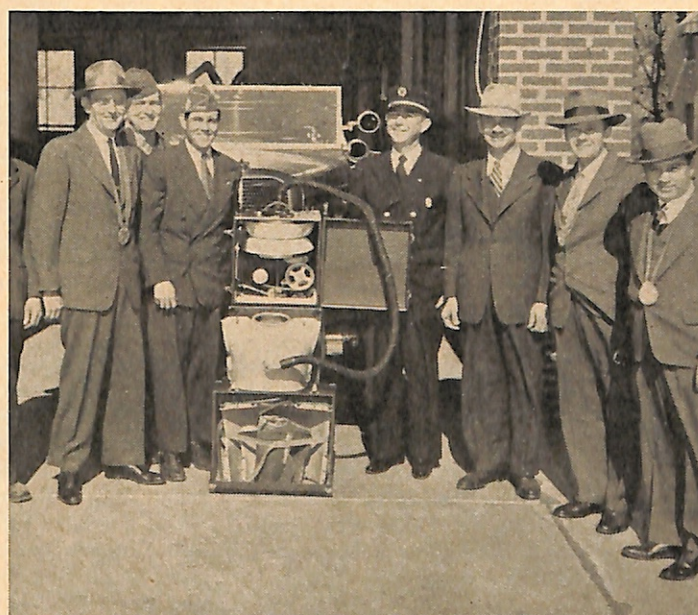
1. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



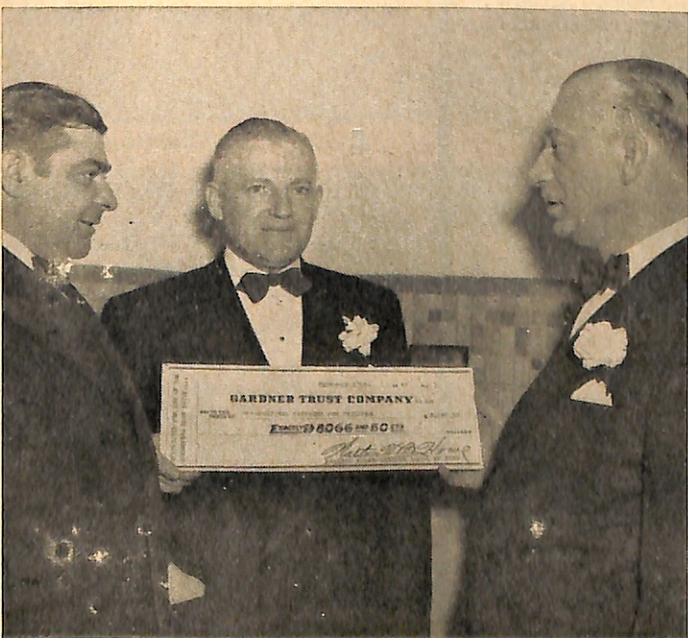
2. PEABODY, MASS.



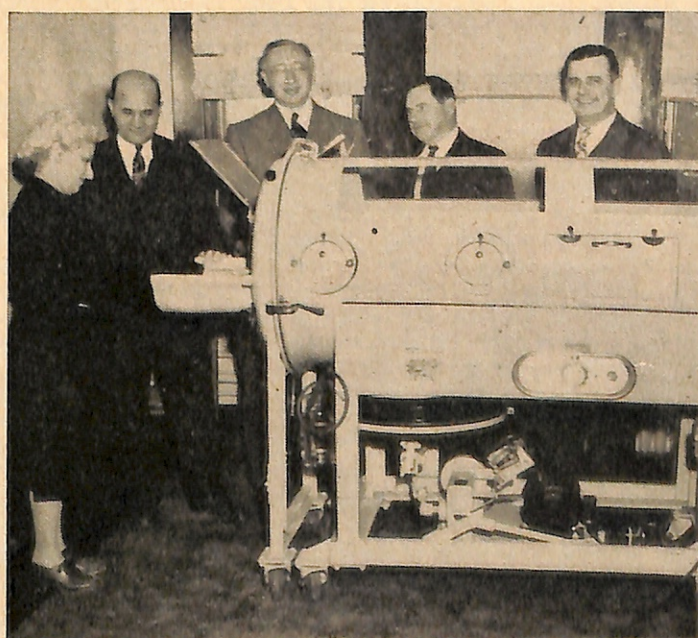
3. RIDGEWOOD, N. J.



4. SEMINOLE, OKLA.



5. GARDNER, MASS.



6. HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

SANFORD, ME., Lodge, No. 1470, put on its 24th annual Charity Ball this winter and it proved to be the outstanding social event of the season. A crowd, estimated at nearly 1,000, packed the gaily decorated Town Hall to capacity to enjoy the dancing and refreshments.

No. 1470 won the Maine Elks Ritualistic Contest for the Western Division early in February at a meeting held in the home of Portland Lodge. The Sanford score was 99.6897. A perfect score in the officers' ritual was tallied by Portland Lodge.

Later in the month of February the Sanford team visited Augusta Lodge No. 964 and won the Maine finals over Houlton Lodge No. 835, representing the Eastern Division. Both teams received plaques from C. Dwight Stevens, formerly of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, who was Chairman of the committee in charge of the program. Past Grand Inner Guard Fred Sylvester was one of the judges.

GARY, IND., Lodge, No. 1152, is obviously interested in the welfare of the youth of its community. A gift of \$4,000 was made recently by the Gary branch of the Order to the local Boy Scouts for the erection of an Elk unit of three buildings at the Scouts' camp site. The buildings, now completed, were dedicated not long ago.

MILLVILLE, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, got together for the homecoming visit of D.D. Bloomfield Phrampus on the windup of his visits to 11 other lodges in Southern New Jersey. The evening was also marked by the visit of State Vice-Pres. Peter Musso and his Ritual Committee, and was attended by Elks from many other New Jersey lodges.

The affair opened with dinner at which former State Senator Firman M. Reeves, a member of No. 580, emceed. A meeting was held at the lodge home when a class of candidates was initiated. Prior to the meeting several Elk dignitaries, including Mr. Phrampus and State Assn. Secy. Howard F. Lewis, formerly of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, met with Dr. Joseph Schultz, Supt. of Schools, and Harold Conner, principal of Millville High School, to discuss a plan whereby students of the High School may participate in the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest.

MASS. ELKS ASSN. The Elks Youth Organization of the Mass. Elks Assn. is directing a program among its 62 lodges to promote healthy, wholesome and interesting activities for the youth of communities under the lodges' jurisdiction. So far, two-thirds of the lodges have responded and swung into action with varied and entertaining programs which take in athletics, bands, drum corps, hobby clubs, jive clubs and airplane modeling clubs.

The Elks' Youth Organization Committee of Haverhill Lodge No. 165 kept 3,800 youngsters happy at a party which filled three local theaters. Each child received a box of candy and, besides that, 617 special prizes were distributed, including fine, warm pea jackets, woolen shirts, parkas, sweaters, overcoats, etc. Nurses were on hand at all theaters, so that children were well taken care of. D.D. Wm. A. Gavin, Dept. Superintendent of Police, assisted Chairman Walter P. Herlihy, P.E.R., in this worthy undertaking.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 3, didn't let a minute drag when it entertained 500 Elks from Santa Barbara and Fresno Lodges who visited the city in two special trains for a gala weekend hospitality program put on by No. 3.

One of the many delightful highlights of the two-day visit was a stag banquet at which visiting Elks from Los Angeles, Ventura, San Fernando, Oxnard, Porterville and Bakersfield Lodges also turned up. Other activities on the roster were interlodge luncheons and dinners, a big-time vaudeville show, sports and other exhibitions, plus entertainment and sightseeing programs. The visit culminated in a brilliant Washington's Birthday meeting.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, had a Congressional Medal of Honor winner on hand to help celebrate its Old Boys' Night not long ago. Master Sgt. Hulon B. Whittington of Bogalusa, La., addressed the crowd, stressing the importance of a strong peacetime Army and Navy for this country.

With more than 20 Past Exalted Rulers of No. 23 present, and D.D. William L. Kennedy a distinguished visitor that evening, over 50 candidates were initiated into the Order. D.D. Kennedy presented the Elks War Commission's Certificate of Appreciation to the lodge at this meeting.

1

Elk dignitaries who were among the 500 who attended Norwalk, Conn., Lodge's homecoming dinner for D.D. Charles R. Mitchell. Seated, left to right, are James L. McGovern, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin; D.D. Mitchell, and D.D. Thomas F. Dorsey, Jr. Standing are P.D.D. Paul E. Schumacher; E.R. Robert G. Roles; John J. Nugent, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; State Pres. James T. Welch, and Mayor Patrick Dempsey of Derby.

2

California Elk officials are pictured at the Stag Banquet held during the weekend visit of five hundred out-of-town Elks to San Francisco, Calif.

3

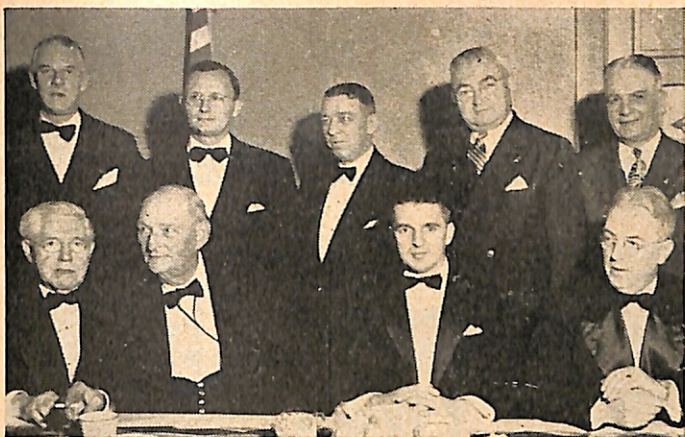
The class of 21 candidates which was initiated into Calexico, Calif., Lodge on the occasion of District Deputy Paul R. Beck's visit is pictured with several Elk dignitaries who were present.

4

Officers of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge are photographed with the 45 new members who were initiated in memory of Past President M. Frank O'Brien of the Florida State Elks Association.

5

Ohio Elk officials are pictured on Past Exalted Rulers' Night of Middletown, Ohio, Lodge as E.R. George Davies, left, front center, presents a Past Exalted Rulers' pin to L. T. Palmer, the lodge's oldest living former leader.



1. NORWALK, CONN.



2. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



3. CALEXICO, CALIF.



4. JACKSONVILLE, FLA.



5. MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

PASCAGOULA, MISS., Lodge, No. 1120, has great plans under way for adding a 16-bed children's orthopedic wing to the Jackson County Hospital.

Over the past two years, No. 1120 has built up a fund for this purpose, with a \$10,000 total expected. The tentative cost of the project has been set at \$50,000 for which the Elks will seek the aid of other civic organizations. Under Federal and State regulations, participation in such projects is divided equally between the sponsor, the Federal government and the State.

RATON, N.M., Lodge, No. 865, counted twelve of its former leaders at its celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night not long ago. A full-course dinner was served prior to the regular lodge meeting when each P.E.R. received an Elks' ring as a gift of the lodge.

Raton Lodge doesn't confine its kindness to members. The Colfax County March of Dimes Fund took a big jump through the \$1,200 contribution of No. 865.

HAVRE, MONT., Lodge, No. 1201, learned that Robert L. Kiesling, a disabled veteran of World War II, was home and trying to resume a normal life after months of Army hospital treatment which included 18 operations, most of them plastic surgery. The loss of his sight and his right hand wasn't helping him in his search for a home for his wife and year-old son.

The Havre Elks, anxious to show its gratitude to this young man, got busy and formed a committee, headed by E.R. Monte Forney, whose members located a year-old, six-room house and promptly bought it.

Not long afterward, at simple ceremonies, E.R. Forney and his fellow committeemen gathered before the house with Bob Kiesling and his family and turned over to him the deed for the \$8,000 home.

HUTCHINSON, KANS., Lodge, No. 453, couldn't be blamed for any local school patrol children's sniffles this past winter. Eighty wool coats with heavy interlinings were presented to the patrol members of eleven schools by the Hutchinson Elks.

ARIZ. ELKS ASSN. Approving Member Sam Stern of the Board of Grand Trustees recently came from Fargo,

N.D., to pay a visit to the Ariz. State Elks Assn. Hospital at Tucson. Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight M. H. Starkweather, Secretary-Treasurer for the Hospital, accompanied Mr. Stern.

The main purpose of this wonderful institution is to hospitalize at a minimum cost any Elk who has a 50-50 chance to recover from tuberculosis or any other respiratory disease. The average cost of operating this completely equipped, well-planned hospital is \$4,000 a month and this is paid by the Elks of Arizona.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., Lodge, No. 417, entertained Elks from Shawnee, El Reno and Ada Lodges at a special meeting and buffet dinner not long ago. Earl E. James, a member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, who was honored by his lodge that evening, delivered a fine address as did several other Elk dignitaries.

WELLINGTON, KANS., Lodge, No. 1167, did a good job of marking February as its anniversary month. A class of 15 candidates was initiated the evening of Feb. 25th with plans made for the voting on several more applications.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, held its "Year-of-Giving Dinner" recently which was highlighted by the presentation of \$1,000 checks to Vassar and St. Francis' Hospitals, both of which institutions will use the money to build new additions, and \$500 to the Northern Dutchess Health Center at Rhinebeck.

George I. Hall, Vice-Chairman and Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, was the principal speaker on the program which included addresses by many civic and fraternal leaders.

SAN JOSE, CALIF., Lodge, No. 522, celebrated Charter Members' and Old Timers' Night not long ago, with one of the three surviving original San Jose Elks present, A. F. Brosius. Thirteen members of No. 522 were given 35-year membership pins that evening, but the five Past District Deputies of the lodge stole the show with their fine exemplification of the Ritual in the initiation of a large class. The five P.D.D.'s, Alex Sheriffs, C. L. Snyder, George A. Rucker, Roy P. Emerson and George M. Smith, were among the P.E.R.'s who made up the Ritualistic Team.

Elk officials are photographed with the duplex respirator Riverside, Calif., Lodge presented to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

"Drumming" for selective new members, officers of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, which recently celebrated its 60th Anniversary, beat out the news of the initiation of six new members.

Secy.-Treas. M. H. Starkweather and Supt. Margaret Thomas of the Arizona State Elks Assn. Hospital at Tucson, and Approving Member Sam Stern of the Board of Grand Trustees are pictured at the Hospital when Mr. Stern paid that institution a recent visit.

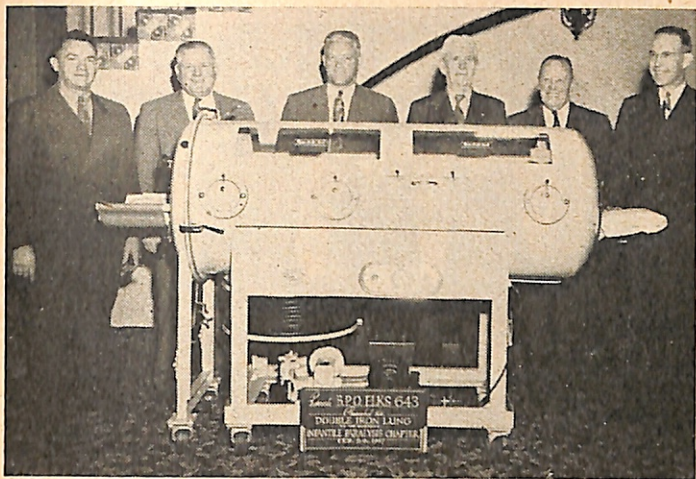
E.L.K. John Beagle presents Flint, Mich., Lodge's Honorary Life Memberships to Clare Hilton, Dr. F. E. Reeder and C. E. Reitebuck, left to right. Mr. Hilton has been an Elk for 32 years; the others for more than 50.

Twelve Past Exalted Rulers of Raton, N.M., Lodge who were honored recently at a special dinner program.

Dignitaries of Coeur d'Alene, Ida., Lodge are pictured with other officials when their lodge presented \$10,000 to the Farragut College and Technical Institute, which is a GI College.

Some of the members of Rawlins, Wyo., Lodge who grew whiskers to add atmosphere to the recent Bow and Arrow One-Shot Buffalo Hunt.

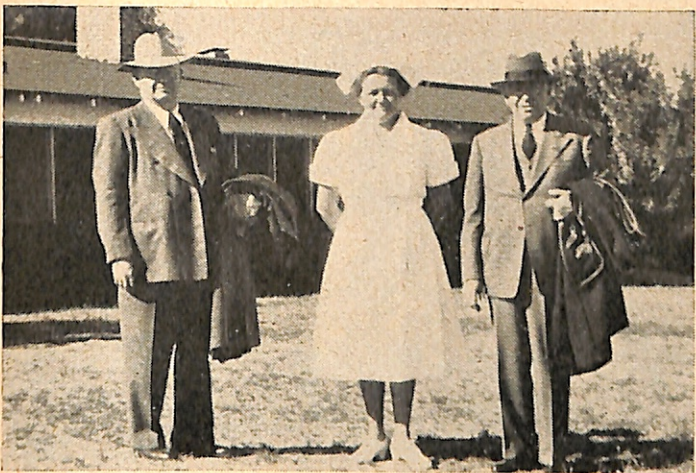
E.R. Andrew Kessinger, left, presents Silver Spring, Md., Lodge's \$100 check to Chairman Joseph H. Fields of Montgomery County's American Legion-sponsored March of Dimes Campaign, while Ernie Tannen, production manager of Station WGAY, takes care of broadcasting the good news.



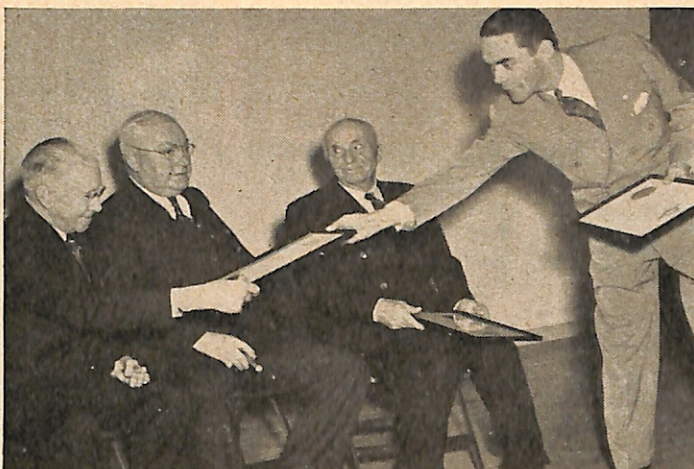
1. RIVERSIDE, CALIF.



2. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



3. ARIZONA ELKS ASSN.



4. FLINT, MICH.



5. RATON, N. M.



6. COEUR D'ALENE, IDA.



7. RAWLINS, WYO.



8. SILVER SPRING, MD.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

The Past Exalted Rulers of Middletown, Pa., Lodge are pictured at the meeting held in their honor recently.

2

The Silver Jubilee Class of McCook, Neb., Lodge is pictured with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Denver, Colo., second row, center.

3

Officers and P.E.R.'s of La Junta, Colo., Lodge are photographed with the Boy Scout Troop sponsored by the lodge, when four hundred and fifty persons attended a banquet.

4

Three Rivers, Mich., Lodge entertained these twenty-year members on Old Timers' Night not long ago.

5

The beautiful float which was entered by Indio, Calif., Lodge in the Riverside County Festival Parade.

6

A little Cub Scout inspects the plaque which dedicates the \$4,000 unit of three buildings, completely furnished, donated by Gary, Ind., Lodge to the local Boy Scouts for their camp.

7

The chorus and orchestra which took part in Hutchinson, Kans., Lodge's successful Charity Minstrel Show.

8

A view of the crowd which attended the celebration of Mt. Vernon, Ind., Lodge's Fifty-third Anniversary.



1. MIDDLETOWN, PA.



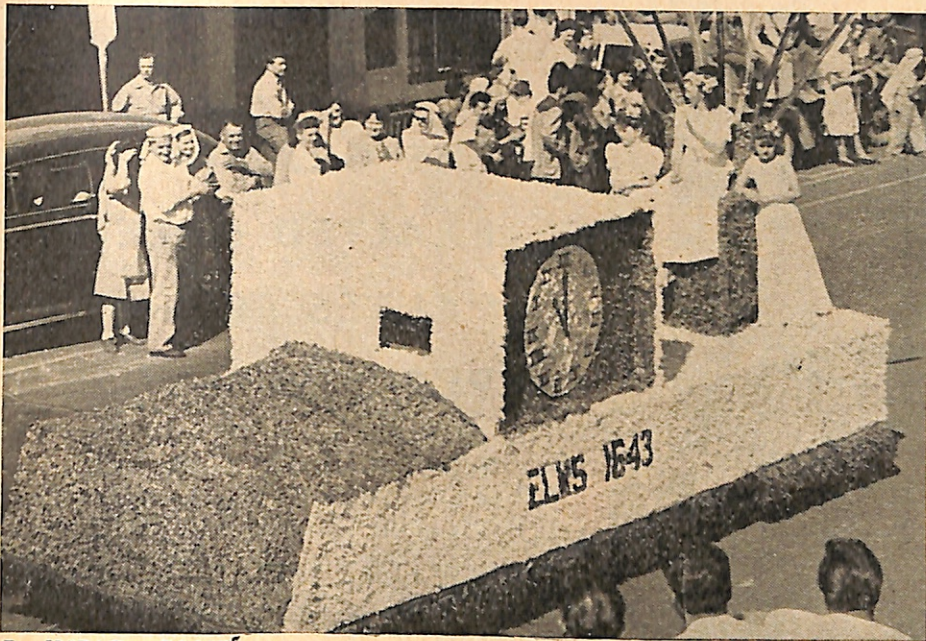
2. MCCOOK, NEB.



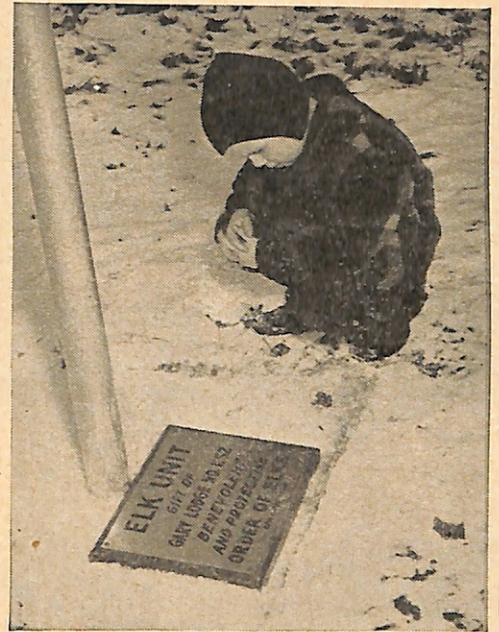
3. LA JUNTA, COLO.



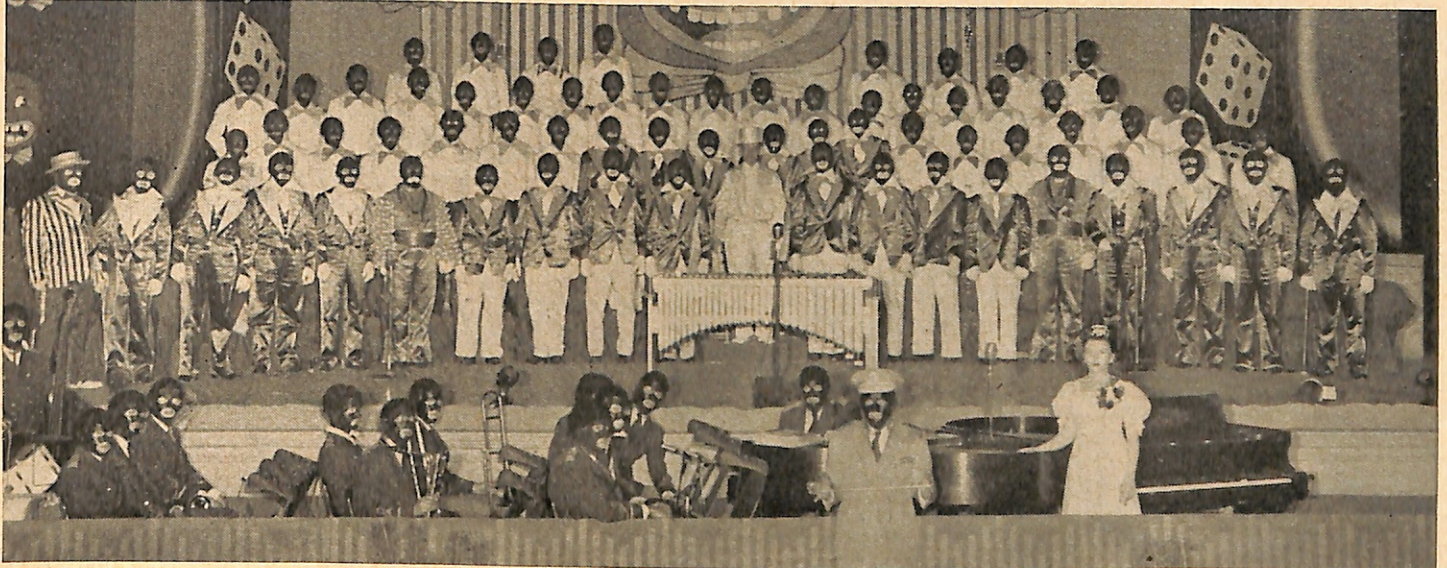
4. THREE RIVERS, MICH.



5. INDIO, CALIF.



6. GARY, IND.



7. HUTCHINSON, KANS.



8. MT. VERNON, IND.



THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S "CLASS FOR PEACE"

The subordinate lodges are cooperating fully with the program of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton. In this connection, the initiation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace" has been an important and noteworthy event of hundreds of the lodges during the past months.

On these two pages are reproductions of photographs of many of those classes—in some instances the lodge officers and visiting dignitaries are also shown.

Without exception, each class gives evidence of the fine type of citizen who is becoming affiliated with the Order.

1. SHELBY, MONT.

2. OWATONNA, MINN.

3. LANSING, MICH.

4. RALEIGH, N. C.

5. NEWTON, IA.

6. PITTSTON, PA.

7. POLSON, MONT.

8. NEWARK, N. J.

9. PRESCOTT, ARIZ.

10. CARLSBAD, N. M.

11. FAIRFIELD, IA.

12. ROANOKE, VA.



5



9



6



10



7



11



8



12

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

POLSON, MONT., Lodge, No. 1695, may be the "baby lodge" of the State, but it came through with a fine group of 18 candidates for the Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace" on the evening it celebrated the opening of its new club room in the Pend d'Oreille Building.

The officers of Hamilton Lodge No. 1651 conducted the initiation. Among the many out-of-towners present was D.D. James F. Higgins. Organized less than a year ago, No. 1695 has a membership of nearly 100, has equipped a modern club room and has launched a comprehensive program of activities.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Lodge, No. 2, held its annual Charities Ball early this year in the Grand Ballroom of the Broadwood Hotel where more than 3,000 persons enjoyed a star-studded variety show and dance. The proceeds of the Ball, as well as the Souvenir Program Ad Book, will sponsor children's camp activities this summer. The children of servicemen who gave their lives in the war, and those of disabled veterans, will be able to spend two weeks in camp under proper care and supervision of No. 2's Camp Committee.

Regular parties at the home of No. 2 are given twice a month for hospitalized servicemen. The Philadelphia Elks also send selected shows to Naval Hospital, Valley Forge General Hospital and Veterans Hospital at Coatesville three times a month.

DALTON, GA., Lodge, No. 1267, turned over to the local Fire Dept. a resuscitator for the general use of the people of Whitfield County. The presentation was made by E.R. C. P. Davis to Fire Chief Ben Vaughn at a brief ceremony which took place at the Fire Station. Many fraternal and civic officials attended, including Mayor Donald McArthur, a member of the Order.

All physicians and ambulance drivers of the county have received instruction as to its use. This is the one of the two units in Whitfield County.

BISMARCK, N. D., Lodge, No. 1199, put its hand in its pocket and came out with a donation of \$1,500 to the Burleigh County Drive to raise funds to fight infantile paralysis. The Junior Chamber of Commerce conducted the drive and the presentation was made at a meeting in the home of No. 1199.

SALIDA, COLO., Lodge, No. 808, put on an Old Timers' celebration which lived up to everyone's expectations and was the first in what will be a long series of meetings in honor of long-time members.

Over 200 Elks were on hand to pay tribute to those men who have been affiliated with the Order for many years. Those of the lodge's 30 40-year members who were present were honored with Life Memberships and received 40-year pins; 23 of No. 808's 60 25-year members were on hand and received the pin denoting their years of membership. E.R. Bert Murnane gave a lapel pin to each man who was initiated during his term of office. Members from all these groups were called upon for a few words, which added much to the enjoyment of the occasion which began with a banquet and music by an all-Elk orchestra.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 168, turned its lodge room over to Boy Scout Troop No. 168 for an investiture service recently. The Troop, sponsored by the San Diego Elks, inducted into the local Area Council Boy Scout Troop No. 155, sponsored by the East San Diego Lions Club. Talks were made by several Boy Scout, Elk and Lion officials.

HAGERSTOWN, MD., Lodge, No. 378, took a night off to entertain 117 of its 149 World War II veterans not long ago.

A turkey banquet was enjoyed before the lodge meeting at which Col. Richard O'Connell gave each veteran a wallet on behalf of No. 378. When the meeting was over, a social hour was enjoyed, during which refreshments were served.

Among the distinguished guests present were D.D. Henry A. Schouler, Pres. R. Herbert Ricketts and Vice-Pres. John Miller of the Md. State Elks Assn., Ambrose A. Durkin, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, Charles G. Hawthorne, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and several P.D.D.'s and other visiting lodge officials.

BISBEE, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 671, has been presenting small silk American Flags to newly naturalized citizens for many years. It was the pleasure of E.R. William D. Bonham of this lodge recently to turn over banners to 23 new Americans at ceremonies held at the Cochise County Superior Court.

1

Those who were present at the home of Atlantic City, N.J., Lodge when more than 50 "Baby Elks", initiated in 1946, were promoted to "Senior Elks".

2

Officers of Lebanon, Ohio, Lodge are shown with the class of candidates initiated in honor of the homecoming visit of District Deputy E. A. Wight.

3

Members of Dalton, Ga., Lodge pictured with civic officials, when they gave a resuscitator to Whitfield County.

4

Members of Boy Scout Troop No. 168, sponsored by San Diego, Calif., Lodge of Elks, and the boys who comprise Troop No. 155, sponsored by the East San Diego Lions Club, are pictured at an investiture service held recently at the home of San Diego Lodge.

5

Some of the children who were aided at the recent clinic held by the Illinois Elks Association Crippled Children's Commission at Paris, Illinois.

6

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge's Charities Ball Committee is pictured with the lodge's Mounted Guard, in uniform, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Honorary Chairman of the Committee, seated center.

7

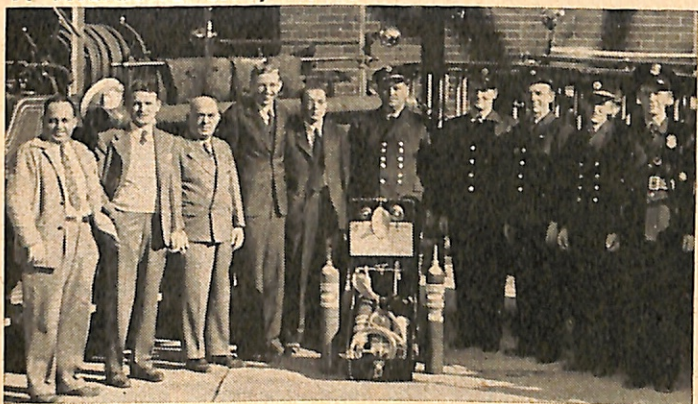
Those members of Appleton, Wis., Lodge, Elks for more than 25 years, who were honored on Old Timers' Night.



1. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



2. LEBANON, OHIO



3. DALTON, GA.



4. SAN DIEGO, CALIF.



5. ILLINOIS ELKS ASSN.



6. PHILADELPHIA, PA.



7. APPLETON, WIS.

WASH. STATE ELKS ASSN. Tacoma Lodge No. 174 was host for two days to a recent session of the Washington State Elks Assn. The morning meeting of the first day saw the finals in the Ritualistic Contest between the winners of the three Washington Districts. Spokane Lodge, representing the East District, won by a close margin and received the President's Cup the next day.

The Convention was attended by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Loneragan, Chairman John E. Drummey of the Board of Grand Trustees, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Emmett T. Anderson, Chairman Robert S. Farrell, Jr., of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Washington's three District Deputies and 12 Past Presidents of the Assn. Reports were made by the various committees, and it was revealed that the Voluntary Enlistment Campaign has been most successful in securing recruits for the Army. The Social Service program of the Assn. takes care of many activities, including the support of the Orthopedic Hospital and Convalescent Home for Children, the drive against infantile paralysis, the cancer drive, and the maintaining of blood banks by the lodges. Educational conferences took up a great part of the afternoon and were most interesting and important. At 7 P.M. a steak banquet took place for many of the officials and the visiting dignitaries.

The following morning, the delegates heard the splendid reports of the various State Vice-Presidents and Pres. Walter W. Trantow. The Hospitalization Committee of the Association is doing marvelous work in many Army and Navy Hospitals by putting on entertainment programs for the wounded veterans.

Many interesting entertainment features were part of this two-day conference, and talks were given by Mr. Loneragan, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Drummey, as well as by Dr. E. L. VanAelstyn who told his audience how the Association could help in giving aid to spastics. A committee was appointed immediately to start work in this connection.

BURNS, ORE., Lodge, No. 1680, burned the mortgage on its home recently and celebrated the fact with a big party. Announcement that the title to the \$15,000 home was transferred to the lodge was made by E.R. T. M. Wentz.

GLENDAL, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1289, was host to the 15th annual joint meeting of its lodge and Glendale Post 127 of the American Legion not long ago.

The lodge's Championship Band played several stirring numbers which were as well received as those played by the State Championship Drum and Bugle Corps of the American Legion Post. Roy N. Clayton, a member of both

organizations, was General Chairman of the affair and introduced the speakers who included Post Commander William E. Nevis, Commander Earl Baldwin of the 20th District, Mayor Al Lane, Superior Judge Clarence L. Kincaid and many others.

A vaudeville show was enjoyed and refreshments were served in the recreation hall of the lodge home.

WICHITA FALLS, TEX., Lodge, No. 1105, is annually aiding hundreds of underprivileged children in Wichita County who are unable financially to obtain medical care, through a clinic operated by the lodge since 1942. The clinic takes place twice a month at the home of the lodge. Any child under 14 years of age who has passed through the critical stage of infantile paralysis is sent to the Texas Elks' new hospital at Ottine where rehabilitation treatment is given free of cost, provided the parents are unable to pay for treatment.

**Notice Regarding
Applications for Residence
At Elks National Home**

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

SAN BENITO, TEX., Lodge, No. 1661, was host to the recent District Meeting of the Tex. Elks Assn. Several dignitaries were present including Grand Est. Loyal Knight George Strauss. The meeting was devoted to a round-table discussion of lodge problems and the Elks Crippled Children's Hospital at Ottine, which project was stressed by State Pres. Floyd B. Ford in his official visits to the lodges in his District. The President was accompanied on his tour by State Secy. H. S. Rubenstein.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Lodge, No. 658, is distributing an average of 600 packs of cigarettes a week, plus razor blades, tobacco, razors, magazines and stamps for the Veterans' Stamp Collectors Club, to hospitalized servicemen.

The whole thing started in 1943 when the late Saul Greenberg, a veteran of World War I, began supplying cigarettes to wounded servicemen. A year ago, Hackensack Lodge honored him on "Saul Greenberg Night" and collected 240 cartons of cigarettes from the members of No. 658 to aid him in his worthy campaign. A month later Saul Green-

berg died, and the Hackensack Elks then appointed a committee in his memory to carry on his program. The committee started an "Honor Roll" some time ago whereby Elks are enrolled on it when they pledge the contribution of a carton of cigarettes each month; since its inception, about 19,000 packs of cigarettes have been collected.

N. D. LODGES. The ten lodges in North Dakota are quick to respond to any worthwhile activity. D.D. John K. Kennelly recently announced that his State is one of the first to go over the top in the Grand Lodge campaign to double the endowment fund of the Elks National Foundation. Mandan Lodge turned over its \$1,000 check to the District Deputy not long ago and the other nine lodges have already donated similar amounts.

SHENANDOAH, PA., Lodge, No. 945, presented to the Locust Mountain State Hospital an examining and operating table to be used in the hospital's dispensary.

The table, the most modern which could be secured, is complete with auxiliary apparatus and is flexible in all parts. This new equipment is most important to the Hospital which treated nearly 4,000 patients during 1946.

Shenandoah Lodge, which has grown from about 75 members to more than 450 in the past few years, made the presentation through E.R. Thomas J. O'Haren who turned this equipment over to Superintendent James H. Kirchner, P.E.R. of Mahanoy City Lodge.

ARK. STATE ELKS ASSN. The lovely home of North Little Rock Lodge No. 1004 was the scene of a winter meeting of the Arkansas State Elks Assn. at which President W. H. Laubach presided.

The main feature of the session was the adoption of a Constitution for the Association, each section of which was fully discussed. It is the Association's hope that new lodges will soon be instituted at Camden and Pine Bluff.

WALSENBURG, COLO., Lodge, No. 1086, initiated its largest class in 15 years when its Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace" of 37 men became affiliated with No. 1086 before a large gathering.

The guests included D.D. M. B. Chase, and Pres. Lawrence Nelson and Vice-Pres. William Terry of the Colo. State Elks Assn., as well as officers and members from Trinidad, Pueblo, Canon City, Colorado Springs and La Junta.

After the ceremony, several entertaining acts were enjoyed and lunch was served.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Lodge, No. 85, has been keeping itself busy both at home and abroad. Its annual Open House held not long ago was attended by a record-breaking crowd of more than 800 persons who enjoyed smorgasbord and entertainment.

Some time ago a group of Salt Lake Elks took a bus trip to Park City to assist the Elks there in the initiation of a class of candidates.

A few weeks later a group of officers from Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, were entertained by No. 85 and initiated thirty-five men for their hosts. More than 600 members were present, including D.D. Seth Billings and State Pres. Richard T. Mitchell, and enjoyed the buffet supper which followed the meeting. The next day the visitors were taken to Alta winter resort before they entrained for Denver.

This visit was followed by a return call made by about 125 Utah Elks who participated in the nineteenth annual Elks' Pilgrimage to a lodge in Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado or Nevada. Denver was the city visited this year by this large group which included D.D. Billings and State Pres. Mitchell.

**The State Association Committee
Reports the Following Convention
Dates for May and Early June, 1947**

| Association | City | Date |
|----------------|-------------------------|---------------|
| Missouri | Jefferson City | May 10-11 |
| Illinois | Chicago (Hotel Stevens) | May 16-18 |
| Florida | Tampa | May 17-20 |
| Alabama | Mobile | May 18-20 |
| Maine | Bangor | May 24-25 |
| Georgia | Macon | May 24-26 |
| West Virginia | Huntington | May 25-27 |
| Texas | Fort Worth | May 29-31 |
| Oklahoma | Tulsa | May 31-June 1 |
| South Carolina | Charleston | May 31-June 1 |
| Kentucky | Owensboro | June 1-3 |
| North Dakota | Fargo | June 1-3 |
| New York | Troy | June 5-7 |
| Nevada | Reno | June 6-7 |
| North Carolina | Charlotte | June 6-7 |
| Idaho | Caldwell | June 6-8 |
| Indiana | Evansville | June 6-8 |
| Iowa | Davenport | June 6-8 |
| Michigan | Saulte Ste. Marie | June 6-8 |
| Utah | Salt Lake City | June 6-8 |
| Nebraska | York | June 9-10 |

CARLSBAD, N. M., Lodge, No. 1558, entertained members from Roswell, Artesia and its own lodge at the initiation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's "Class for Peace". The Ritualistic Team of Roswell Lodge conferred the Degree on the 49 men who made up this class, 36 of them from Roswell and 13 from Carlsbad. A Dutch lunch preceded the ceremony.

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO, Lodge, No. 52, put on a fine feed and a special show, later, for those members who have been Elks for 25 years or more.

D.D. Russell Batteiger acted as Toastmaster and Past State Pres. Chas. J. Schmidt, formerly of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, spoke. Chas. D. Duncan, charter member of No. 52 who has been an Elk for 61 years, was introduced to the gathering, along with five other 50-year members.

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attraction called P.A.***

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal
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● Like a really rich-tasting tobacco? Sure you do—IF it's also mild and easy on the tongue. That's Prince Albert! P.A. is specially treated to insure against tongue bite ... crimp cut for better packing, cool smoking, even burning. No wonder more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco!

**ROLL YOUR OWN? PRINCE ALBERT'S
CRIMP CUT MAKES EASY-ROLLING,
SWELL-TASTING CIGARETTES!**

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



Editorial

Human Salvage



READERS of *The Elks Magazine* will recall an announcement published in the April issue that the Elks National Foundation has made available to the Massachusetts Elks Association a scholarship to be used for the benefit of the young men and women about to be released from the Reformatory for Women in Framingham and the Norfolk Prison Colony who may be ambitious for higher education.

In making this award, the Elks National Foundation advances into a field of service that will undoubtedly reap rich rewards in human salvage.

The inmates of the institutions who will benefit by the scholarship awards are youthful offenders—boys and girls who have made the first wrong step and paid the price. All graduates of reform schools are not hardened criminals. Many of them have been led into wrong-doing through environment, bad company and combinations of circumstances which they were too weak to resist. If, when they leave the institutions to which they have been committed, they express the desire for higher education, the agency that helps them attain it is surely performing a splendid service.

Juvenile delinquency has spread to an alarming extent. It is encouraged by influences created by conditions arising out of the war; disrupted homes, the removal of parental restraint, and resulting adolescent truancy are responsible for much of the so-called juvenile crime. The remedy must be applied at its source and it is for the moral and spiritual forces of America to find the way to eliminate the conditions which bring it about.

The action of the Elks National Foundation in cooperating with the Massachusetts Elks in offering educational opportunities to the men and women who have taken the first wrong step is a direct contribution to the future of the youth of America. Those who become beneficiaries of this Elks scholarship award will be turned toward channels leading into good citizenship. It offers to the Elks of America a new perspective of the humane and far-reaching possibilities of the Elks National Foundation.

Hospital Service



THE Elks National Veterans Service Commission, created by the Grand Lodge to take over the unfinished business of the Elks War Commission and to expand its program of entertainment in veterans hospitals, is now functioning in 40 States, furnishing recrea-

tion and entertainment to 146 Veterans Hospitals. The programs, which consist of entertainment and, in many instances, occupational therapy, are meeting with general approval, and, with the cooperation of the State Associations and subordinate lodges, the Commission is making good its promise "to serve those who served".

The Veterans Hospital Service, to which the Order is committed, is not a program for today or tomorrow—it must be carried on for many years. It is financed with the balance of funds transferred by direction of the Grand Lodge from the Elks War Commission when its functions came to an end. This money was contributed by subordinate lodges as voluntary subscriptions to the Elks War Fund and supplemented by generous contribution from the National Memorial and Publication Commission made possible by the earnings of *The Elks Magazine*.

Some of our subordinate lodges have not fully completed the payment of their wartime obligations. It may be that these lodges consider their obligations ended with the exit of the Elks War Commission. However, our war-incurred obligations to wounded veterans will not be discharged so long as Veterans Hospitals exist, and lodges making payments of any balance due the Elks War Fund from their original subscription are assured that they are contributing to the entertainment of those whose disabilities, incurred in the service of our country, have condemned them to a life within hospital walls.

Truth Will Prevail



RAND Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton is neither an alarmist nor a pessimist, but throughout his tenure of office he has been quietly but effectively carrying out the pledge of his induction speech to use his voice and influence toward the elimination of communism and other disturbing factors from today's American scene.

Interviewed by *The Toledo Times* on a recent visit to that city, the Grand Exalted Ruler stated that he is not anticipating that the communist groups now existing in all large cities are an immediate menace, but he realizes the potential danger lying in their organizing ability and effectiveness as propaganda machines. Said Brother Broughton, "There is growing danger that minority groups may become majority groups and while we may argue that such minorities never prove dangerous, Hitler in 1929 represented a minority group, yet ten years later he was able to throw out a challenge for world power."

In his travels the Grand Exalted Ruler is emphasizing the sturdy Americanism of the Order of Elks—its effectiveness as an agency to bring home the truth to the people of America—that America is the greatest country, and has the best form of government, in all the world. This truth presents an impregnable defense against communism, klanism or any other doctrine of disloyalty and hate that subversive influences can devise.

International agreement

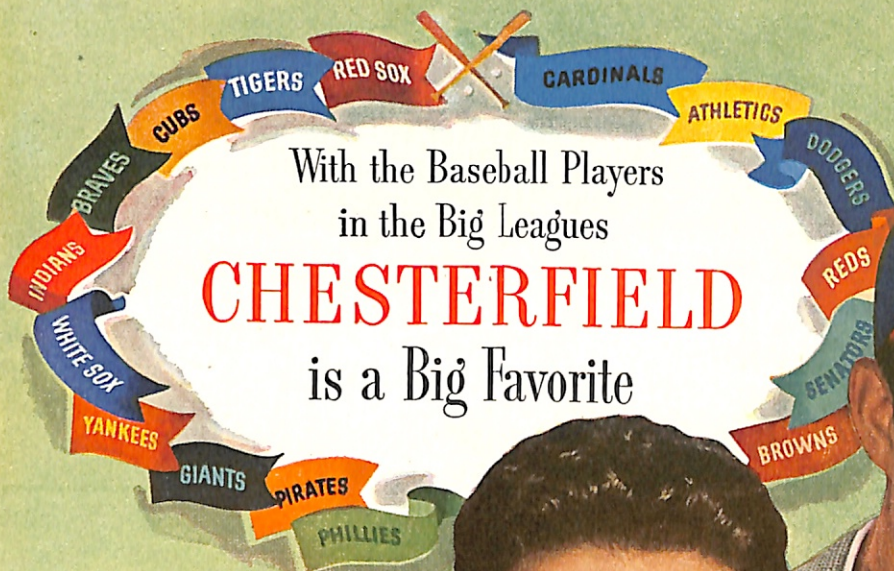


Around a table in some
far-off corner of the world...
or around your own fireside
at home...you'll find your guests
in agreement when Schlitz
appears. The fame of Schlitz is
known to everyone... to friends
across the seas as well as
neighbors across the street.
And the quality of Schlitz is as
famous as its name. In every
land and language, the beer that
made Milwaukee famous stands
as a symbol of the finest in beer.

*Just the KISS
of the hops*

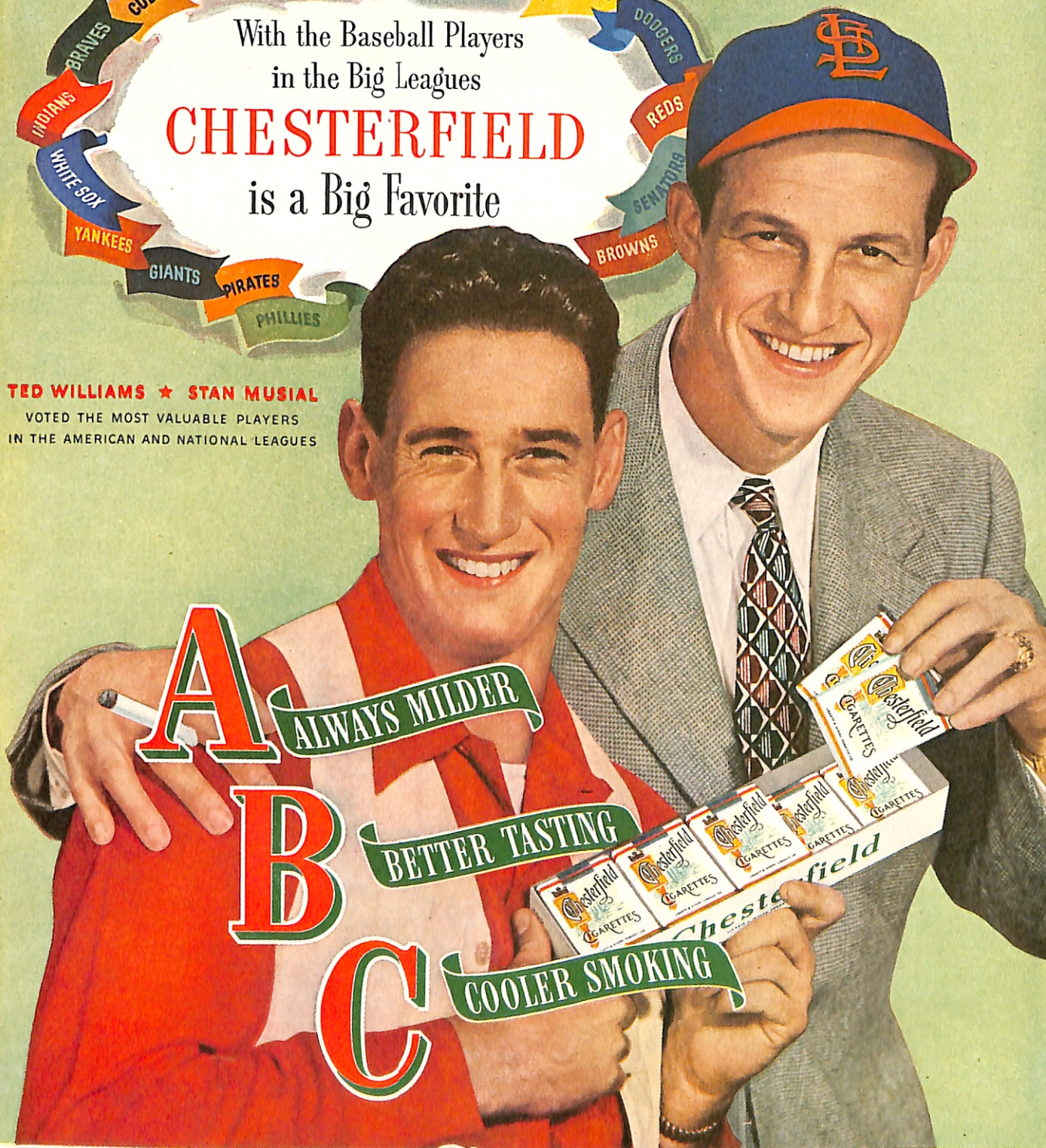


**The Beer that made
Milwaukee Famous**



With the Baseball Players
in the Big Leagues
CHESTERFIELD
is a Big Favorite

TED WILLIAMS ★ STAN MUSIAL
VOTED THE MOST VALUABLE PLAYERS
IN THE AMERICAN AND NATIONAL LEAGUES



A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
C COOLER SMOKING

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

RIGHT COMBINATION • WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS • PROPERLY AGED